

# L I T E R A R Y *Cavalcade*

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



Lili and Puppet Carrot-top (See pp. 14-15)

APRIL, 1953 • VOLUME 5 • NUMBER 7

LITERARY CAVALCADE, a Magazine for High School English Classes Published Monthly During the School Year. One of the SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES.


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Illustrated by Charles Beck

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By Lieut. Chester L. Posey

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Suddenly he realized that he was screaming. He thrashed his arms and legs and beat the sea, and then he choked on a lungful of nauseating salt.

Then the first shock was over, and his intelligence and awareness came to him in a sudden overwhelming bright-

ness, his subconscious mind throwing up all the massive impressions it had gathered during these last dreary, heat-infested days and nights aboard his ship; the immensity of the convoy, its huge uniformity stretching coldly for miles and miles of sameness; the simple beauty with which hundreds of vessels were twisted around islands, through channels, brought across vast oceans to an exact place at an exact time.

Now this impersonal and seemingly infallible world that he had known so well—that he had accepted with a deep, unthinking trust, knowing it was the foundation of safety, speed and victory in war—became the object of his terror.

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
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dred yards at about two three four seven." He reached into his sweat-soaked shirt to bring out a cigarette. "Message to all ships under my command: Keep this circuit open for traffic concerning man overboard."

A lieutenant at one corner of the chart table muttered to his companion: "Those columns better be straight. They'd better be straight or there'll be the devil to pay."

"Hello, Diamond, this is Candle One. Object passed . . ."

**H**E could make out the ominous hulk of the passing ships now. He was in between two columns, and as consecutive lines passed him, the throbbing of their screws pounded through his chest. He had seen what those huge propellers were like. They had all laughed one day, he and his friends aboard the transport, when a length of fire hose line had gone under the bow whole and had been thrown up many yards aft the stern in ten thousand pieces. He was terrified now that this should happen to him. Yet he was more terrified that the ships should pass by and leave him and the sky and the sea alone; alone with nothing to yell at, nothing to wave to.

Imagination began her slow and devastating work. He saw his ship and all the other ships moving on darkly, relentlessly; he saw inside the black hulls men warm and laughing in the flare of lights.

Each ship was a bright city covered by a cloud of dark heedlessness—sailing cruelly away from him who once also had been enclosed by its life.

An unusually strong throbbing passed on his left. He strained his eyes and saw that the column of ships was twisting so that he would have to swim around a huge corner to keep out of their path. Swim away from them! The Lord knew he couldn't swim at all. He closed his eyes for a minute but it didn't help . . .

A lookout on the bridge of the LST in station number seventy-six strained his eyes through the lenses of his binoculars. It would have to be a moonless night! That poor devil in the water didn't have a chance. Their LST and those that followed it were slightly out of column, moving in a line of bearing which formed a great elbow in the long length of ships; and this man in the water was heading right for that elbow. Straightening out thirty columns of ships in a few minutes couldn't be done without shifting the whole formation, a move reserved for emergency air evasion only. They were all nervous on the bridge. The lookout leaned a little

farther over the railing to search . . .

Warm as the water was, the man realized that his flesh was now cold. His arms and legs were sodden lengths of dough; his throat and mouth raw from coughing and yelling. An almost comforting bitterness swept over him.

Somehow, it seemed that he had been deceived, let down. He had grown up to believe that a man's right to live a free life was the most important thing in America. Paradoxical as it was, he also believed that his life, free as it was, should be protected and cared for by his country. But now hundreds of his friends were coldly sailing away from him. This was a war, of course. But wasn't the life of one American worth the death of one hundred thousand of the enemy? It seemed that it wasn't.

All he had left to fight with was bitterness, and he kept it sharpened with each additional throatful of brine and each dim shape that passed so close and so helplessly out of reach. He became aware that the ships were passing nearer now. The columns were bent; in a few minutes he would be in the path of one of those churning, knife-edge screws. Panic took hold of him again, blotting out thought or philosophy or imagination.

"Hello, Diamond, this is Pepper Four Five, this is Pepper Four Five. Man in water passed our bow at two three five nine distance fifty yards. In present position he will be in path of Pepper Seven Eight or Razor Five in about four minutes. Over."

There was a helpless questioning atmosphere in the radio plot. How do you maneuver five hundred ships to keep from running down one man? In these waters a radical shift in disposition might well mean loss of hours and minutes that spell the difference between a successful amphibious landing and a disastrous one.

The packed room was waiting for the

convoy commander to look up from the chart to speak. His was the decision. He was an admiral; he was "Diamond"; he was a man and he hesitated. He straightened up, turned to the radio-man:

"Message to all ships. Turn four five, turn four five. New course three four six. Message to Rocker Two. Leave station and stand by to pick up man in water abaft column number seven at zero zero one zero. All stations acknowledge."

A smile, the striking of a match betrayed the answer to the unasked questions. An order from the bridge was heard faintly, and the ship heeled over in a swift turn as hundreds of other ships heeled over in the same turn, and a path was opened where there was no path.

**I**T was very quiet. He didn't know what to think. They had turned, those blind monsters had turned away just as they were on top of him! Could it be that inside those ships there were men that knew and cared, and went beyond knowing and caring, and did something? He knew that all along he had not expected them to do anything. The last ship had passed by.

His bitterness had gone and his nerves were quiet. Only his mind kept stealthily at work figuring out ways to keep alive longer despite the fact that his reason told him to give up, to turn over and sleep. There were always these Navy flying boats, remember. They might be around at daylight. If he could wave his shirt . . .

A flashing light hit his face and was gone! Did he imagine it? It hit again and he heard voices near by:

"There he is. Get that life preserver over. We'll bring him aboard on the port bow."

The tears were streaming down his face, and their salt taste was sweet in his salt-caked mouth. Arms lifted him, and he was suddenly warm, so warm with realization and friendship and love that he could hardly stand it . . .

"Hello, Diamond, this is Rocker Two, this is Rocker Two. Man in water picked up at zero zero one seven. No injuries. Condition excellent. Over."

In five hundred radio rooms, there were five hundred smiles. In the radio plot of the convoy commander's flagship, officers stood up, stretched, asked for coffee and began to talk.

The commander leaned again over the chart table and pondered the weighty problem of bringing his flock back to normal cruising disposition.

"Message to all ships from Diamond . . ."

### About the Author



Chester Posey wrote this story while serving on a subchaser in the Pacific during World War II. It is "one of several fictionalized versions I wrote of experiences we had been through," he tells

us. "It was knocked off in seven hours and received little if any polishing. I have since then found that the hardest part of writing is to go over and over one's work."

After the Navy, Mr. Posey took a job with a New York advertising agency.



*Roberta's crisis was desperate . . .*

*but then she had one every week*

# The White Sweater

By THERESA OAKES



Illustration by Katherine Churchill Tracy

THE telephone rang in the Syms apartment on East 73rd Street, New York City. The operator said, "Will you take a collect call from Miss Roberta Syms, Old Lyme, Connecticut?"

Mrs. Syms thought, "Third time this week," but she said "Put her on." It was only a month since Roberta had left for boarding school.

"Lis-sun, Mama," said Roberta's voice. "You forgot to mail me my white angora sweater."

"It's still at the cleaners, honey. And you can't talk to Daddy. . . . Because he's at a Board meeting. Are you studying awfully hard?"

"Uh-huh," said her daughter, her first-born. "When will it come out of the cleaners?"

"Not until the end of the week, dear. Did you get any friendlier with those two nice girls, Betts and Simone, who room next to you?"

"Oh, them!" The scorn in Roberta's voice dismissed them from the conversation.

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"Lis-sun, Mama. Don't forget to mail it . . . the minute it comes from the cleaners."

"I won't. Are you playing tennis, dear?"

"I guess so," said Roberta. Her mind went back to the one subject she seemed able to think about.

"You could send it special delivery . . . because I need it for the tennis party next Thursday, for a very special reason."

"Oh, so you *are* playing tennis."

"I guess so."

"What do you mean . . . you guess so? Either you're playing tennis or you're not playing tennis . . . Which is it?"

"Oh, Mother. We've got to play. I mean, it's called 'gym' here. So we've got to play, every single day."

"Well, for heaven's sakes, why didn't you say so, in the first place?"

"How could I say so . . . when sometimes we don't play every day?"

"Roberta Syms . . . you just said . . ."

"Well, sometimes it rains," said Roberta, "and some days I feel lazy and

just kind of lean against the tennis court. That's why I need my white sweater."

"I'll send it," said Mrs. Syms, with quiet desperation. It was obvious that this conversation which had begun with the white sweater was going to end there.

"Lis-sun, Mama. Don't hang up. Because I have something personal to tell you. So I don't care if Daddy isn't around. It's why I need my white sweater. Because it's the only one that looks good on me. Besides, he's seen my blue one."

"Who has?"

"Well, it's a boy here that I like . . ."

"A boy?" said Mrs. Syms.

"Only I can't tell you his first name because this telephone is in the dormitory hall and all the girls are listening. But I'll give you a hint about his first name. Lis-sun, Mama, do you remember the name of the boy who liked Corny Pines at camp, last year?"

Mrs. Syms remembered. Last year, whenever she saw Mrs. Pines, Mrs. Pines went into full detail about the



boy who was so crazy mad about her Corny.

"I remember," said Mrs. Syms, wryly. "His name was Pierre."

A chortle of joy came over the wire. It didn't sound like Roberta at all.

"That's right" (giggle). "Well, take the first letter of that name . . . the same letter . . . and then, it's the English word for that same name and it begins with that same first letter."

"Peter!" said Mrs. Sym triumphantly.

The joy that followed this name gurgled over the wire and spilled its warmth inside of Mrs. Syms.

"You guessed right," said the gurgle. "That's just what it is. Now you know his first name. Only I won't tell you his second name because all the girls are listening." Pause. "Wait a minute." Pause. "Miss Harvey wants me to get off the phone because she says it is possible that some other girls might even want to talk to their parents . . . but . . . just guess what grade he's in."

"I think you ought to obey Miss Harvey," said Mrs. Syms, but her voice sounded weakly unconvincing, even to herself. She added, almost immediately, "Isn't he a freshman?"

Roberta laughed with delirious enjoyment.

"Keep going up."

"Sophomore?"

"Nope. Go higher."

"Roberta, he's not a senior, is he?"

"That's exactly what he is. Only I can't repeat it because all the girls are listening. And, Mama, do you think he might like me? Even if Alma Smith is crazy about him? I mean with your experience, you might know. Whether a boy could like another girl, even if a different girl is crazy about him and she has naturally curly red hair? I mean, do you think that naturally curly red hair would make a great deal of difference?"

Mrs. Syms thought of Roberta's straight, lank brown hair . . . which she had always refused to let her mother do anything to . . . of her pudgy figure . . . and her straightforward, honest, brown eyes.

"Well, looks aren't everything," she said. A sigh of relief came over the wire.

"Well, I'm certainly glad you don't think he would like Alma. And I think he might like me. That's why I want the white sweater. Because at the tennis party, he's going to ask one of the girls to the Senior Dance. That's the tradition at that party. Did I tell you he's in charge of the tennis courts? And, do you know why I'm so hopeful? It's on account of something he did, at the last lesson. Do you know what he did?"

# HE THREW DIRT ON MY SOCKS!

Yes, Miss Harvey, I'm getting off. Mama, did you hear me say he threw dirt on my socks? Well, if you were me, wouldn't you think that was SIGNIFICANT? Well, Miss Harvey wants me to get off. Could you call me back, so we could discuss this further? No, wait a minute. Well, Miss Harvey says you can't call me back because it is barely possible that there are a few other girls in this dormitory who might enjoy having a few words with their own parents. Wait a minute . . . don't hang up . . . gosh, I thought you hung up . . . don't forget to mail the white sweater . . . gosh, I almost forgot to remind you to mail it . . .

Mrs. Syms was limp as she put down the receiver. She thought of the disappointment her daughter would have a week from Thursday and she almost couldn't bear it. She went back into the living room, sat on a couch and put her head in her hands. The hall door opened, and Mr. Syms came in. She called out,

"Roberta just phoned."

"Gosh . . . and I missed her . . ." he said, contritely. He hung up his coat and came into the living room.

"You know how teen-agers are," Mrs. Syms said. "She was all steamed up about a white sweater that didn't come back from the cleaners."

"Oh, woman's business!" he said, clearly relieved.

**T**HE next Monday night, the telephone rang in the Syms apartment . . . the long, insistent shrill of long distance, charges reversed.

"I'll take it," said Mr. Syms, eagerly. He wrote to Roberta daily, but it was not the same as actually talking to her.

"Don't forget to put me on, afterwards," said Mrs. Syms, looking up from her mending.

He smiled compassionately as he strode into the library where the phone was ringing. Some more about the white sweater, no doubt. What women had to say to each other was always the quintessence of the commonplace . . . "Mama, I need some new barrettes" . . . or . . . "socks; I'm absolutely threadbare" . . . or . . . "a new slip, I tore my old one."

Roberta and he had intellectual interests in common, but the white sweater . . . or its equivalent . . . was the only topic of conversation with her mother. He picked up the phone.

Tonight, however, the intellectual interests didn't take long. In a few moments, he was back in the living room. He looked puzzled.

"I don't know what's the matter with her. She sounds different. She only seems to want to talk to you."

Mrs. Syms ran for the phone.

"Lis-sun, Mama." Roberta's voice was hoarse with excitement. "Thanks for sending me that check. It was certainly wonderful of you to see that I might need a permanent before Thursday. Because Betts and Simone both think the situation is quite desperate."

"Betts and Simone?" said Mrs. Syms, weakly.

"You know, the girls who room next door. They seem to have taken quite an interest in me. Because, when your check came, I told them what it was for. And how desperate I felt about a certain character. And Simone said I had a very understanding mother. Because you see clearly that a girl can't ensnare a man with intellect alone . . . So they're both taking me down to the village tomorrow to get that permanent."

"Well, that is nice."

"They're really wonderful. They said they thought I was a fancy kind of a drip because I was always studying. And they had heard that I was a genius or something. But now they can see that I'm just a girl who doesn't know how to do anything with myself. And they're going to help me."

"Like how?" asked Mrs. Syms cautiously.

"Like telling me how to behave with a certain character on Thursday. Because how you look at a boy is supposed to be different from how you look at a real human being, for instance. And Betts is going to put some lipstick on me."

"Tell her not to put on too much."

"I will. I'll call you up on Thursday night. Oh, Mama, if he does invite me to the dance, I'll die of happiness."

Mrs. Syms got through Thursday somehow. Thursday night came, and Roberta did not phone; so she knew that the worst had happened. Of course, Peter had not asked her. Her first love had been ridiculed and trampled on. . . .

Mrs. Syms bore the agony of uncertainty until Friday night. When the phone did not ring, after dinner, she stole upstairs into her bedroom and put in a call to Old Lyme, Connecticut, over the extension.

Roberta's voice sounded as if she were dead.

"He didn't even notice the permanent. I might as well have left off the lipstick. And I didn't get near enough to him to look at him. He asked Alma Smith to the dance."

Mrs. Syms felt like crying.

"I don't know how I'm going to live through the rest of the term. It seems that I talked too much. And now everybody knows how crazy I am about him. They'll make fun of me."

"I don't think they will," said Mrs. Syms.

"Everybody except Betts and Simone. They asked me to room with them. Because, when I cried, right in front of them on Thursday night, Simone said I was behaving just like a movie star in an agony of grief. Isn't that funny?"

"Not very," said Mrs. Syms.

"I mean funny—peculiar; not funny—ha-ha. Because just when I expected that she would make fun of me because I was crying like a baby, she liked me more."

"It's a feeling women have for each other," said Mrs. Syms.

"I've never felt like a woman before," said Roberta, "so I wouldn't know." Her voice sounded better as she hung up.

It was a week later that the insistent peal of long distance, charges reversed, again sounded in the Syms apartment.

"I'll take it," said Mr. Syms, happily. "In her last letter, she said she wanted to have a good, long talk with me about the Greek philosophers. She admires Aristotle but . . ."

But his wife was already in the library, at the phone. He followed her and stood over her shoulder, as she listened.

"Lis-sun, Mama. Lis-sun. I'm mailing you back the white sweater. Send it right to the cleaners. Because I got invited to the Freshman Dance."

"Peter?" asked Mrs. Syms, in a voice tremulous with hope.

"Peter? Heavens, no. I haven't thought about him in ages . . . well, since the day before yesterday . . . and, anyway, he never really knew I was alive. And all the time, Betts was telling me that Jimmy Runkle couldn't keep his eyes off me, all through that tennis party. And, since the party he's been staring at me, in math class."

"Jimmy Runkle! You've never even mentioned him!"

"Never mentioned him! Good gracious, I've been raving about Jimmy ever since I got to school. He's just the most popular boy in our freshman class . . . that's all he is! And he asked me in the funniest way. Because I was running down the hall. And he said, 'Hello, stupid.' So I said, 'Hello, moron.' And then he walked with me, and I looked at him in the way that Betts and Simone showed me. And pretty soon, he said to me . . . Yes, Miss Harvey, I'm getting off this phone. Honestly, I'm getting off . . . this very minute . . ."

Mrs. Syms put down the receiver.

"Your face looks like a cat lapping up cream," said Mr. Syms, clearly aggrieved at being left out. "What was it about?"

Mrs. Syms laughed happily.

"The white sweater. She needs it for the Freshman Dance."

"Why didn't you let me talk to her?"

"Oh, *this* was women's business," she said.

## Happyville on the Seine

*If you're hep this will make you crazy. Do you dig us?*

By ART BUCHWALD

Paris correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune

MR. JOE Bushkin, one of America's best jazz pianists and a song writer ("Oh, Look At Me Now," "Hot Time in the Town of Berlin," "Boogie, Woogie Blue Plate" and "How Do You Do Without Me?"), has been in Paris for a few days, taking in the sights and the people. Since Mr. Bushkin just came from Tin Pan Alley we were interested in getting his reaction to the French capital.

"How did you like Paris, Mr. Bushkin?"

"Man, all I can say about Paris is: 'Where have I been for 2,000 years?'"

"And the food?"

"Great, man, just great. Some crab-meat had me for a couple of hours, but now I'm beginning to see only one Eiffel Tower again. I feel like a real down cat now."

"Mr. Bushkin, we've been out of the United States a long time and unfortunately we're having trouble with the

English language. What exactly is a down cat?"

"Why, man, that means you're on-stage without a script. It means a guy can be up and still be down there with the people, if you know what I mean. Anyway, this Paris is crazy."

"Crazy?"

"Crazy, man, crazy. There's two kinds of crazy. The kind that puts you in a straitjacket and the other kind, when you feel like a tax-free millionaire. That's how I feel in Paris. I'm real gone."

"Real gone?"

"Yeh, real gone. Everything is wonderful. It's like when I went into Fouquet's the other day and asked for a piece of almond cake and the waiter says: 'I'm sorry, sir, they're all gone.' I forgot what country I was in and said: 'Crazy man, give me two pieces!' . . ."

"Of course, I've goofed a couple of times."

"Goofed?"

"You don't know any English, do you? Goofed like, *gay*, when a busload of musicians hits a pole on the highway and they're all knocked out except one

guy who's got every bone in his body broken. The police ask him what happened and he says: 'I guess somebody goofed.'—Do you dig me?"

What else could we do?

Mr. Bushkin continued: "I'll stay here as long as somebody doesn't hang me up."

"Hang you up?"

"Yeh, hang me up. As long as they don't lock me in the closet. You get the gist of what I'm jiving?"

"Jiving?"

"Jiving, man. Talking up a storm. You know, hyping somebody. I'm not trying to outbest you. I don't want to win and I don't want you to lose. I'm trying to make it as clear to you as possible."

"How long did you say you expect to stay in Paris?"

"Just until the brass section starts playing out of tune. Then I'll give myself two weeks' notice and I'll get back to Americaville."

"Have you had any difficulty because of the French language?"

"Heck no, man. Everybody I've been jiving with speaks good English."

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THE box was made of iron plates, welded together. It was two feet square and three feet tall. Empty, it weighed about eighty pounds. With Janos Katona inside and the lid bolted on, it probably weighed two hundred and fifty.

I first saw it in the lobby of a Paris theater. Later I saw it twice on the stage. Finally, in what I thought was a publicity stunt, I saw it thrown into the river Seine by a group of Katona's admirers. I never saw it again.

Those are the main facts of the matter, and yet they leave out almost everything. The story of Janos Katona—the finest and most truly dedicated man I've ever met—deserves to be known on the American side of the ocean. I think I should be the one to tell it, because Katona and his iron box changed my whole life.

I was twenty-four years old that November. Except for a very bad conscience, which had been my companion ever since I quit my New York job, I was alone in Paris. The first Katona poster I saw was on a newspaper kiosk near the Madeleine at seven o'clock one evening.

I have always been a sucker for any kind of magician or escape artist. This one was billed as *Katona, l'incroyable*, which means "Katona, you wouldn't believe it." I was prepared to believe it, all right. I was, and still am, the perfect audience for all performers of that kind; I am a man who takes a childish delight in everything they do, tries his damndest to find out how they do it, and never succeeds.

I immediately started walking toward the theater, and I paused only once. The pause came when I saw my second Katona poster. It was on another kiosk, about two thirds of the way to the theater. This poster was like the first, except that it had been defaced in a very significant way. Somebody, working fast, had splashed across it in red paint. The word was *paix*.

I knew about the special meaning of that word. You couldn't spend much time in Europe without learning about it, and you were always seeing it painted on a bridge or a wall somewhere. In Italy you saw *pace*, and in Germany it was *Friede*, but everywhere it was a motto of the Communists. It had once been a well-loved word meaning simply "peace," but the Communists had captured it and taught it new tricks.

Here and now, splashed diagonally across Katona's name, the word did not

## THE IRON BOX

mean "peace." It meant something like "down with the enemies of Communism," and its message was perfectly clear. Every passer-by would learn what I was learning—that this man Katona was hated by the Reds.

I absorbed the message with interest and then walked on toward the theater. There had been a time when the conquest of "peace" by the word-twisters was capable of making me fighting mad, but that time was past. I had come a long way, or thought I had, since the days when I hoped to do something about the mess the world was in.

I arrived at the theater ten minutes early, still wondering idly how an innocent escape artist could have got the Communists mad at him. As soon as I entered the lobby, though, I turned my mind to more fascinating matters.

The display in the lobby that night included many objects besides the iron box. There were two strait jackets, a heavy steamer trunk, a cluster of handcuffs, and various other devices that Professor Katona proposed to escape from, for the entertainment and mystification of the public. I set about examining all these exhibits carefully, and so did several other customers who had come in just ahead of me.

I saved the iron box until the last, because it appealed to me most. A steamer trunk might easily be rigged with a panel that opened inward at the touch of a hidden spring. A strait jacket could be unbuckled, by a trained contortionist, through the canvas. Cheap handcuffs would pop open if you banged them on something, and many better cuffs would be unlocked with a looped shoelace. But a simple metal box without upholstery, without any rivets, phony or otherwise . . .

I stood in front of the box and looked at it. It was empty; the big square lid was on the floor nearby. The box had once been painted white, inside and out, but apparently not for the purpose of hiding anything. There were, in fact, several irregular spots where the paint was scaling off and the rust was working. From each of these areas a long, orange-red stain ran downward.

I hit the side of the box a few times with the heel of my hand, and each time there was a muffled boom. The box sounded very solid. I quickly turned my attention to the lid and the fastenings.

The lid, which was also painted white, lay upside down on the floor. It was a two-foot square of sheet iron with sides about three inches tall all the way around. I picked it up, turned it over and fitted it onto the box. It slid snugly down over the open end like the cover on a can of tea.

It was only after the lid was on that I noticed the holes. There were two of them, and they were drilled through opposite side walls of the lid. They went right on through the walls of the box itself. Any kind of rod, stuck through the holes, would firmly secure the lid.

I took the lid off and put it back on the floor. I was now being watched politely by an old Frenchman in overcoat, muffler and beret, and also by his wife. They seemed to think I was part of the show. I grinned at them and went on with my investigation. I was having so much fun that I even forgot my nagging conscience.

I was absolutely satisfied with the box and the lid. I figured the trick for escaping must lie in some hidden weakness of the bolts and locks that held the two together. I therefore spent the rest of the time before the show in examining the bolts and locks, and in studying the drawing that showed how they worked.

The drawing was in an oak frame, leaning against the box. It showed a cutaway view, with a man in the box and the fastening in place. The lid was held down, at opposite sides, by two bolts. The heads of these bolts were inside the box, and the shaft of them ran out through the holes that were drilled through the side walls of the box and the side walls of the cover. Instead of a nut on the outside end of each bolt, there was a hole drilled through the bolt itself. Through each hole was passed the hasp of a sizable padlock. A man locked in the box had nothing to attack but the smooth heads of the bolts. What could he do?

He could unscrew the heads of the bolts, I said to myself. He could use trick bolts, with heads that would unscrew. Sure. And when the heads were off, he could simply push the headless bolts on out.

The bolts, with their locks, were on the floor beside the drawing. Several other people had joined the old Frenchman and his wife in watching me, but

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**It takes courage for a man—even a magician—  
to let strangers lock him into an iron box . . .**

**By John Savage**

I didn't care. I started trying to unscrew the heads of the bolts.

I was still trying five minutes later, when the warning buzzer sounded several times.

I walked on in and sat down, followed by my own small audience. My hands were sore from trying to twist the boltheads, but I was feeling stubbornly sure of my theory. I smiled and said to myself: They'll switch bolts before the show.

The surprises of that evening, though it was nearly a month ago and in another country, are still vivid in my memory as I write. The biggest surprise, even before I learned the whole truth about him, was Janos Katona himself—first his humor and lack of bombast, later his consummate skill.

He came out on the bare stage, alone, and stood there smiling modestly while the audience gave him a round of applause. I judged that he was just under forty years old. He was a blond man of medium size with extremely powerful shoulders. He wore a black suit and bow tie.

As soon as the applause died down, he made an extraordinary speech, in heavily accented French. I had expected the accent, in view of his Hungarian name, but I had not expected the content of the speech.

"I am only an imitator," he began. "You will see nothing tonight that has not been done better before, even by men who were also imitators." He smiled ruefully, and I could feel his audience warming up to him, although his sincere modesty was not what I would have thought of as good showmanship. "If any of my little *divertissements* should give you pleasure," he went on, "please remember that your pleasure comes not from me but from a great man who died many years ago. This was the American, Erich Weiss, known to the world as Houdini."

The audience clapped again, and Katona—with Houdini off his chest—started his stuff. Within two minutes I was in the act myself.

An escape act is a curious thing, and the heart and soul of it is showmanship. The build-up has to be superb, because the best escapes are made behind a screen of some kind, to protect the secret. The climax of the act takes place where the audience can't even see it.



**Illustrated by Ernie Hoffmann**

Houdini, they say, could hold a theaterful in eager suspense for an hour or more while he worked himself out of some elaborate pickle, within the four walls of a portable screen. But I hadn't thought, until I saw Katona, that anybody else could create that kind of interest.

He began by asking for a committee of five men from the audience, much as Houdini used to do. Although I am not an exhibitionist by nature, I was on the stage in ten seconds. I wanted to know, above all, about the iron-box trick. I wanted to check those bolts.

The first of the committee's duties was to help the magician carry his equipment from the lobby to the stage. Apparently Katona worked without an

assistant. The band played while we made the trip to the lobby and back, and I got several close looks at Katona's face. It was a long, strong, likable face, with a lot of experience in it.

As soon as we got back on the stage and got things arranged, Katona began a series of stunts, most of which I'd seen before. He let the five-man committee stay on the stage, to prove he had nothing to hide. We sat in straight chairs and watched him run through some preliminary sleights of hand. The escapes, since they were the main dish, would come later.

He swallowed a handful of needles and a ball of thread, then pulled the thread out of his mouth with needles strung on it; he did some card tricks;

he made a rosebush grow and blossom out of an empty flowerpot. All this was done rather apologetically, but it was expert work and quite convincing.

I enjoyed these things, along with the rest of the audience, but I was waiting somewhat impatiently for the escape from the iron box. It had occurred to me by now that he might use imitation padlocks made of sponge rubber; then he could pull the bolts in through the holes, locks and all. I resolved to be one of the committeemen who locked him in. I'd find out for sure.

WHEN he finally got to the escapes, he began with the strait jacket. All the members of the committee helped get it on him. He had taken off his coat first, so that we could get the leather-and-canvas contraption on tighter. We buckled the jacket up the back, then made him cross his arms on his chest while we buckled the ends of the sleeves together, also in back. We hauled everything perfectly taut, and when we were finished it was a wonder that Katona could even breathe.

He stood before us for a moment, and I thought I caught a certain look of watchfulness in his eyes. I suddenly remembered the messed-up poster outside, and realized something I'd been forgetting: Katona was a man who had powerful enemies. It must take a fair amount of courage for him to let himself be rendered helpless by strangers, even here in the theater.

He smiled, though, and proceeded to order something I had never seen done before. He had us hang him upside down by the ankles, from a rope that ran over a pulley in the flies. Three of us got on the free end of the rope and hauled until Katona hung, head downward, two yards off the floor. Then he asked us to start him swinging from side to side, and we did. He kept shouting for more until we had him going in a long arc, the whole width of the stage.

I had read somewhere about the strait-jacket work of Houdini himself. He always claimed that this particular escape was a matter of "persistent straining" by a man with a well-trained body; not a secret trick at all, in other words, but something that could be done in full view of the audience.

I had carefully inspected Katona's strait jacket. I had checked especially for hidden springs or releases inside the ends of the sleeves. I knew there weren't any.

Still swinging in that long arc, Katona gradually pulled one elbow over his head, wriggled the jacket around

on his body, unbuckled the sleeve straps with his teeth, and then unbuckled the jacket straps with his hands, working through the canvas. He dropped the jacket on the floor after about a minute and a half. Then he jackknifed his body, untied his own ankles and swung off the rope. He hit the stage standing up, and the crowd went crazy.

The handcuff act which followed was also impressive, and so was the escape from the steamer trunk. But I was getting a little impatient.

The iron box was next, though, and I began to get really excited. Only those who share my love of magic will know completely what I mean; the utter simplicity of the box, the complete perfection of the illusion!

We members of the committee, with the help of Janos Katona himself, cleared the stage of everything except the box. Then Katona invited the committee to make another inspection.

I jumped at the chance. I went straight to the bolts and tried to unscrew the heads, without success. I squeezed the locks and found them solid. If there was to be a switch of some kind, it hadn't been pulled yet. I gave the box and lid another quick check and was convinced that nothing had been changed.

Katona held his arms out and asked us to search him. All five of us took turns with the frisking, and nothing turned up. At first I wondered about the reason for the search. It was only after he had stepped into the box that I understood.

This was the way of it: Janos Katona stepped into the open box and folded himself into a sitting position, with the two bolts in his hands; his knees were almost against his chest. As soon as he was in, he pushed the bolts out through the two holes in the box, which were about on a level with the top of his head. He pushed the bolts only part of the way, so that they would not interfere with the lid as it slid past them. He kept his hands on the bolts, and as soon as we had slid the lid on, he pushed the bolts as far out as they would go, through the two holes.

As the committeemen snapped the padlocks through the holes in the ends of the bolts, my brain began to work on the only possibility I could see for escape: The bolts had not been switched while Katona was visible, but couldn't he have switched them after he was hidden by the lid?

No, I decided, not unless he could make time stand still. The bolts had shot out of both holes at once, the very instant the lid was all the way down. And where would the substitute

bolts have come from, anyway? Five men had just searched him. I saw the reason for the search now, and I admired it. In insisting on that detail, Janos Katona had been shoring up the only weak spot in his illusion. All logical possibilities of escape had now been destroyed.

We rolled the screen over the box, as we had rolled it over the trunk. The folds of the blue cloth curtain dropped to the floor all the way around the box, hiding it completely.

The orchestra played very loudly for the next two minutes. I registered that fact as a suspicious detail, without knowing how to interpret it. In less than two minutes the blue curtains parted.

Katona stepped out, smiling rather humbly. He gave the screen a push, and it rolled away, revealing the iron box. The box was bolted and locked as it had been before.

The audience got to its feet and did a lot of clapping. I sat there, beating my hands together and trying to figure out the gimmick. When the applause was over Katona allowed the committee to unlock the padlocks, push the bolts into the box and remove the lid. Everything was as before. With Katona smiling at me, I reached into the box, retrieved the bolts and tried to twist the heads off. No luck.

Katona then asked the audience, as Houdini used to do, if anybody had a challenge—any particularly difficult test he'd like to put the magician to. Nobody spoke up, so Katona did a couple of card tricks, dismissed the committee and rang down the curtain.

THAT was Friday night. I went to my hotel as soon as the show was over, and went to bed. I dreamed of being shut up in an iron box, a huge one, and I woke up in the morning knowing I'd have to find out more about that trick. Maybe if I went back to the theater that night, I'd get a chance to talk to the magician a little.

In that morning's *Paris Herald*, which I read at breakfast, I was delighted to find a feature story on the new sensation in town, Janos Katona. There was no specific mention of the iron box, though. Instead, there was a picture of Katona, looking very serious, and a brief account of what the paper called "the crowning escape of his career"—his trip from Communist Budapest to the American zone of Vienna six months before. It seemed he had not been popular with the political leaders on the other side of the Curtain. He had been engaged in a lot of anti-Soviet pamphleteering, and his escape from prison, while he was awaiting

interrogation, was said to have vexed the authorities considerably.

Those same authorities, the story said, were angry at him for an additional reason: They believed that most of his theatrical income, even now, was being used to help finance anti-Communist elements in Hungary.

I found this very good reading, but I reminded myself that I had given up all interest in international affairs on the day I quit my job at United Nations headquarters in New York. All I wanted to know, I told myself, was how Katona got out of that confounded box.

I arrived at the theater about twenty minutes before curtain time that night and spent the twenty minutes investigating the box all over again. I got nowhere.

**W**HEN the show started, I volunteered for the committee again. Katona did a slight double-take when he saw me, but he seemed pleased to be doing repeat business and readily agreed to allow me to serve.

While we were carrying the box from the lobby to the stage, he asked me a question: "You are American?"

I said, "Yes," and then I tried something. "I wonder if I could invite you for a snack after the show?" I asked.

He grinned. "Not only an American, but a rich American! Hokay! Do you know La Petite Marmite?"

I said I did, and we agreed to meet there. It was a restaurant near the theater.

The show that night began with everything going off exactly as before. Things didn't begin to be different until after the iron-box trick, when Katona asked again for challenges from the audience.

This time a man stood up and shouted, "Yes! If you please, yes. I have a challenge!"

This man was far in the rear of the house. All I could tell about him was that his face, behind heavy spectacles and a gray mustache, was very white. Katona smiled at him and seemed to take a new interest in the proceedings.

"Monsieur will have the goodness to state his challenge," he called. "My talents are, as will have been noted by all, severely limited. At the same time . . ." He paused and waited.

The man in the rear spoke again, rather stiffly, and in an accent that reminded me oddly of Katona's own. He ticked off each detail on his fingers. "Tomorrow, in the full light of day, on the Quai d'Orsay, *Monsieur le Professeur* will enter the iron box. The committee will secure the cover as before. The box will be carried by the com-

## About the Author



John Savage is a well-known writer whose stories have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and other magazines. He was born in 1918 and grew up in San Bernardino, Calif. He studied at

the University of California and at the Sorbonne in Paris, France. He says he has traveled considerably, both with the Navy and without. At present, Mr. Savage and his wife are living in Missouri and he is spending all of his time writing.

mittee to the water's edge." He paused. "It will be thrown into the Seine."

The man sat down. There was a gasp from the audience. This was followed by laughter from those who had not caught the desperate seriousness of the challenger's tone, and by shocked cries of "Non" from those who had.

Katona was still smiling. That confident smile, along with the challenger's Hungarian accent, forced me to an obvious conclusion: The challenger was a friend. This was a put-up job, for publicity purposes.

"Is it your intention, monsieur," Katona called, "that I should attempt an underwater escape, in the manner of the incomparable Houdini?"

"This intention is obvious."

"Not quite obvious," Katona corrected politely. "I would enjoy making such an attempt, but"—and he paused—"it is my opinion that the box, alas, might float."

I did some quick figuring, and realized that he was right. Even with a man inside, the box would contain several cubic feet of air.

The challenger spoke again, rather acidly, "Weight it."

Katona thought for a moment and then nodded. "This solution is acceptable to me," he said. "I shall place lead weights in the box before I enter it."

The challenger said, "D'accord!" and nodded triumphantly.

Katona dismissed the committee. With a sure appreciation of climax and anti-climax, he omitted the card tricks of the night before. He simply said, "Until tomorrow, Quai d'Orsay, at ten."

The audience was almost too busy with buzzing speculations to give him a hand.

I went straight to La Petite Marmite. I wasn't sure Katona would remember

the appointment, but he did. He joined me just as I was sitting down at a rear table. I introduced myself and then summoned the waiter. After we had given our order there was a moment of silence, during which I happened to notice Katona's suit.

He had done a quick change since the show, and he was wearing a blue flannel suit that belonged in a rag bag. For a second I wondered why he couldn't afford new clothes, and then I remembered that his income was going to the Hungarian underground.

"I enjoyed your show," I said.

Katona nodded his thanks.

"I admired particularly the iron box."

He smiled and said, "It is a very pretty restraint." Then he did what a magician will do every time—changed the subject. "You are American," he said. "I am curious about what you think of Hungary, my country, and its present government."

I wasn't looking for an argument. I said, "Oh, it's all right, if that's what they want."

"Yes," he said. "My father, a vintner of the north shore of Lake Balaton, was deported in nineteen fifty to Russia. It was not what he wanted."

I made a sympathetic noise. I couldn't think of anything to say, and there was an uncomfortable silence. "Did you ever meet Houdini?" I asked.

He shook his head and then said, rather absently, "My grandfather knew a Rabbi Weiss in Budapest, before the rabbi emigrated to your Wisconsin. This man became Houdini's father. *Et voila* my closest link with Houdini."

"Oh. Well, I suppose you've read Houdini's books, though?"

Katona said, "Yes," and then: "Are you enjoying your visit to Paris?"

**I** TOOK the hint unwillingly, and got off magic. As the conversation went on, I may have grown a little talkative. I told him why I was in Paris. I told him about chucking my little job with the U. N. in New York. Secretary to a secretary. I'd gone into the job with a lot of childish hopes for world peace, but the closer I studied the trend of international events the quicker my hopes petered out. After a couple of years at it, I had quit and come to Paris to have some fun before the roof fell in. If my conscience didn't like it, my conscience could go to blazes.

Katona listened to me with sincere interest, almost a personal concern. A couple of times he almost spoke, then clamped his jaw shut; I got the idea he was resisting a fervent desire to give me a lecture. But he must have realized that words wouldn't do any good.



When I had it all said, he didn't offer any sirupy advice. He just said, "I wish you luck."

"Good luck yourself," I said, as he stood up to leave. "That job tomorrow morning sounds dangerous."

He said, "I carry insurance."

It was quite a while before I found out what kind of insurance he meant.

I WAS on the Quai d'Orsay an hour early the next morning. People from the audience of the night before, along with their friends, were already beginning to gather. Katona rode up at five minutes to ten, seated beside the driver of a horse-drawn wagon.

His iron box was on the bed of the cart. Pasted to the side of the box was one of the white posters I had already seen, with its "*Katona, l'incroyable*" in large letters. He had the driver stop the cart at the head of the stairway that ran down to the lower quay, and several men from the audience carried the box down the stairs for him. They set it down on the square paving stones, about a foot from the water's edge.

There were two old men sitting at the river's edge, fishing in the cool, green water. They had bamboo poles about fifteen feet long. They noted our preparations with small curiosity and no resentment; for centuries the fishing in the Seine has been so superlatively bad that nothing can make it worse.

There were by now several hundred spectators. Almost as soon as the box had been set down, a gendarme pushed his way through the crowd. For a minute I was worried. Then I noticed that he was one of those policemen who are very stern of word and amazingly friendly of face; there are lots like him in Paris. He faced Katona and said, "Whatever this is, it is forbidden."

Katona outlined politely what was going on, and said it would take only a few minutes.

The gendarme nodded sagely and scratched his nose. "It is, as I have notified you, quite specifically forbidden," he said. "I shall return in three hours to arrest you, if you are still here." Then he walked away. I saw him stop under a horse-chestnut tree forty yards up the river to watch the rest of the proceedings.

Katona, wearing an old sweater and dungarees, passed two pigs of lead around for inspection and then placed them in the bottom of the box. He climbed in. I had already had my fill, at the night performances, of twisting on perfectly legitimate boltheads, and today there were plenty of eager hands

helping to put the lid on, so I kept out of the way.

When the lid was on and the padlocks were locked through the ends of the bolts, somebody rapped on the box and asked Katona if he were ready.

His voice came faintly from inside, muffled but gay. "*Allez-y!*"

Four men picked up the box, holding it level, and swung it back and forth three times. On the third forward swing they let go, and the box hit the water with a great splash. It disappeared at once, although a series of bubbles continued to rise to the surface and break.

A minute went by, two minutes. The white poster, torn from the box by the water, rose like a ghost toward the surface, flapping downstream on the slow current. *Katona, l'incroyable*. Three minutes. Four . . .

The bubbles stopped.

I stood there looking at the water, knowing only that something had gone wrong.

I know a great deal more now—more about Janos Katona and his trick, and everything about what went wrong. At least I think I do.

I'd like to tell it all, exactly as I think it happened, from the moment he stepped into the box. Then I will tell how I found out.

When Katona stepped into the iron box, there on the quay, he expected no trouble. He thought he would be out of the river and taking a bow within a minute and a half. He had performed the same escape at least two hundred times on the stage, and three times, for publicity, on the bottom of the Danube River at Budapest.

Sitting there in the open box, he probably thought of it as a fortunate coincidence that the unknown challenger of last night had chanced on a trick which was so well practiced. Working without an assistant, as he had been forced to do since coming to Paris, caused difficulties enough, even with these standard escapes.

Now they were preparing to put the lid on. He had to be ready.

As soon as the lid reached the top of the box and started sliding down, Katona performed a piece of manual dexterity that had cost him many hours of practice, even after a lifetime as a sleight-of-hand expert. It all had to be accomplished in somewhat less than one second—that was the time it took for the lid to slide all the way down.

There were three separate motions in the trick, and they had to be linked together into something smooth, unhurried, and yet lightning fast.

His hands were already on the bolts. The first motion was that of withdrawing the bolts and dropping them in his lap without a clatter. The second was harder, because the fake bolts were in a satin sheath, taped to the skin at the back of his left knee. His hands had to swing up under his pant leg and withdraw the bolts. The third motion, which took place just at the instant the lid finished sliding into place, was an accurate, ambidextrous stab with the substitute bolts at the two circles of light that were the holes.

All this he did quite successfully, as he had done it so many times before. He sat in the dark then and heard the locks click in the bolts. Somebody outside called to ask if he were ready, and he answered, "*Allez-y!*"

He felt the motion as the box was raised from the pavement, and he braced his hands, feet and shoulders for the jar. It was not a bad jar.

He heard the splash, followed by the whisper of water sliding upward past him. Then he felt another jar as the box hit bottom. The weights had kept it upright, and the current wasn't strong enough to tip it over; that made things simpler.

He went to work immediately, in the rapidly cooling dark, hearing the rustle of air leaking out around the lid and through the holes, and the murmur of water leaking in. He pulled the bolts inward half an inch, which was as far as they would come, and then went to work at unscrewing the one on his left. It seemed to be starting hard. He held the bolt shaft between finger and thumb of his left hand, twisting the head sharply with his right. He'd have to use a little oil before he tried his particular escape again. He twisted again, grunting with the effort.

The head wasn't going to unscrew at all!

IN bewilderment, he attacked the other bolt. But he knew already what must have happened: Somehow, in some way that he could not yet understand, the bolts had got switched.

The water in the box was over his shoe tops already. There wasn't much time, but he had to know the full gravity of the situation before he could do anything about it. He picked up one of the bolts that were in his lap and twisted the head. It unscrewed.

Janos Katona took one frugal, shallow breath of the already-stuffy air in the box and tried to get a grip on himself. Houdini had credited half his success to coolness in emergencies and Katona had learned that lesson well.

Even as he set to work again, his mind was coolly taking stock of his weapons for survival: He had what he called his "insurance," in its pouch taped behind his right knee; he also had an ability, almost approaching Houdini's, to conserve oxygen. Perhaps, with these advantages, he still had a chance.

His insurance was now ripped loose and lying in his lap. It was a satin pouch full of miniature tools, and he had last used it in his escape from the interrogation cell in Budapest. It contained three kinds of picks for opening locks, a shortened screw driver, a four-inch piece of hacksaw blade, and a capsule of potassium cyanide. The poison was for the most irrevocable escape of all, and there had been times in his eventful life when he had come within a hair's breadth of having to use it.

The darkness was total, but his finger tips knew the saw blade well. He was at work on the shaft of one of the bolts almost before he had thought about it.

But the hopelessness of his position struck him like a club, as soon as the saw blade began taking its pitifully small bites of steel. It was like working on flint with a nail file, and he was now sitting in water a foot deep.

HE pushed the hopelessness away with an effort of self-hypnotism. He had now been on the bottom of the river for approximately two minutes. There must be no panic, because panic would speed the heart and cost more oxygen. Letting his hands work on, he deliberately put his mind to the problem of how the bolts had been switched.

He remembered something now. He had had a slight surprise earlier this morning when he had awakened to find the door of his hotel room open. There had been a further moment of puzzlement when the watchman at the theater had reported almost catching an intruder in the night. But nothing had been missing or harmed at either place, and he hadn't put the two incidents together in his mind until now.

They came together in a flash at this moment, when it was too late—with the water cold about his chest and with his saw blade only beginning to scratch a channel in the steel.

Only one man knew enough to do this to him, and that man's name was Tisza. Tisza had been jealous, even in old days, when he had worked as Katona's assistant on the stage in Hungary; and his political views had differed sharply from Katona's own.

Tisza would know how to assassinate a man without making a martyr of him. Tisza would know how the iron-box trick worked and where both sets of bolts were kept. Tisza was no mean magician himself and could walk softly. Tisza could disguise himself with mustache and glasses, for a murderous evening at the theater.

"At least I am regarded as worth assassinating," Katona noted, and his lips smiled as his hands worked.

The blade was only about one quarter of the way through the bolt—the first of two bolts—and the water was already at his shoulders.

He remembered checking the contents of the satin sheath as he was taping it on his leg this morning, but he had checked carelessly, and only by feel. After all, the bolts were *there*; why should he suspect that they were not the right ones? Well, he would never be careless again. Or careful again, for that matter, he realized. Or alive again. But he kept the saw going.

He thought about Hungary, the free Hungary he had worked for.

When the water reached his chin, he took one great breath of nearly worthless air and then began letting it out of his nose, very slowly. He knew he was good for about two more minutes.

Always the saw kept going, still on the first of the bolts, and barely halfway through. It kept going for almost a minute more before hope died, and it stopped.

For an instant, Janos Katona sat very still. The box was full of water now, and empty of air. He could hear the measured throbbing of his own pulse in his ears, still without the speed of panic. If he prayed, the prayer was very brief.

Hope came back almost like a dream. It was a very tiny hope. Deliberately, Katona's hands groped for the screw driver, dropping the saw blade which was too slow a tool to be of further use. He raised the screw driver and attempted to use it as a lever to break the weakened bolt, but there seemed to be no way of getting a solid purchase.

Then he thought of something. He passed the ringlike steel handle of the screw driver over the bolthead and let the screw driver hang from the shaft of the bolt. Then he picked up one of the faked bolts from his lap, set its end inside the ring of the screw driver handle, and pried upward against the bolthead. The sawed bolt broke off with a snap that hurt his ears.

Quickly he dropped his tools and pushed the headless bolt out through the hole. Then he ducked his head,

got his shoulders against the lid of the box, and thrust his body upward.

The other bolt wouldn't break; he knew that. But with all the leverage of the cover on it, it might bend.

He felt the cover move upward an inch, then jam. He heaved his shoulders against it again and forced it free. He wanted great gulps of air, but he forced himself to keep his mouth closed. He pushed again, felt the lid give some more, and then used one hand to measure the space between the lid and the box, on the side where there was no bolt. It was enough! He could squeeze through! He did so and paddled weakly upward toward the light.

A moment later his head broke the surface of the Seine, and he breathed, sobbing, and heard the shouts of the crowd.

THAT is what happened. At least, that is how Katona told it to me in La Petite Marmite a few hours later. At the time, I found it impossible to doubt a single word of it.

He told me that something had inspired him during his ordeal, and that he therefore planned to return to Hungary, and the underground, immediately. He claimed to have learned two things on the bottom of the river. He had learned that he was regarded as an important enemy of the dictators, important enough to be assassinated. And he learned that nothing is impossible so long as there is hope, even a tiny hope.

He preached me this little sermon so well that I got all steamed up. I still am, and I guess I always will be. I'm back at my job with the U. N., and though my hope for peace is small, it is steady and it is precious.

I'm almost sure that's the end of the story. But I'll admit that a friend of mine has just had a letter from Paris, and I'll tell you what it says. Katona is still there! He didn't go to Hungary. He's still in Paris, and still wowing them, just as if that underwater ordeal of his had never happened.

Now do you suppose it *didn't*? Do you suppose I've been bamboozled?

I still remember seeing Katona smile at me, on the stage that time, when I was trying to unscrew the boltheads. Did he take his cue from that theory of mine? Did he spin me a cloak-and-dagger yarn and hang a moral on it, just to send me back?

I'm happy; my conscience is my friend. But I can't help wondering: Could it be that I *still* haven't found the real gimmick for the iron-box trick? I don't know. I told you I was a sucker for a magician.



1. Meet Reynardo, Marguerite, Carrot-Top, and the Giant—the four puppets that befriend Lili (Leslie Caron) when she suddenly finds herself alone and without a job in a small town in France.

**Y**OUNG dancer Leslie Caron stars in M-G-M's new movie *Lili*. It tells the tale of an orphaned French lass who goes to a small town where a job in a bakery is supposed to be waiting for her. The bakery is no longer in business, however, and Lili is alone and penniless. As she wanders through a carnival, a young puppeteer makes his puppets call to her and try to cheer her up. And that's the beginning of a happy, warmhearted film.

# LILI

*Scenes from a gay-hearted new musical*



2. Not knowing where to turn, Lili (Leslie Caron) seeks advice from three members of a carnival—puppeteers Paul (Mel Ferrer, far left) and Jacquot (Kurt Kasnar), and a magician (Jean Pierre Aumont, right).



3. Wandering through the carnival, Lili talks to the puppets—and draws such a crowd that the puppeteers make her a part of the company.

LITERARY CAVALCADE





4. Lili and the puppets are a great success and Paul and Jacquot share the profits with her. But Paul—whose tender side comes out through his puppets—is a stern boss and one day Lili decides to run away.



5. Lili dreams that she dances with the puppets she loves, and suddenly she realizes that each of them is really Paul.



6. Each puppet Lili dances with becomes Paul. She knows that he has been talking to her through his four puppets.



7. Awakening from her dream with a new understanding, Lili runs back to the carnival, the puppets—and Paul.



## Britain Crowns a Queen



Courtesy of British Information Service  
Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II

• One of the most solemn historic ceremonies of the Western world will take place June 2nd—the coronation of Elizabeth II. She will be crowned in Westminster Abbey, for 900 years the scene of the coronations of Kings of England.

The official invitation to her coronation bears the design at the top of this page, centering about the royal coat of arms. Elizabeth's signature, "Elizabeth R," in the lower corner designates "Elizabeth Regina" (Elizabeth the Queen).

In honor of the coronation, Poet Laureate John Masefield is preparing his tribute to the Queen. Masefield is the 15th English poet to bear the official title of poet laureate. It was first bestowed on John Dryden in 1670.

On these pages we present three queens and their poets laureate, with poems of these poets.

John Masefield, Poet Laureate  
1930—



Combine Photos

### Roadways

By JOHN MASEFIELD

*Elizabeth R*

One road leads to London,  
One road runs to Wales,  
My road leads me seawards  
To the white dipping sails.

One road leads to the river,  
As it goes singing slow;  
My road leads to shipping,  
Where the bronzed sailors go.

Leads me, lures me, calls me  
To salt green tossing sea;  
A road without earth's road-dust  
Is the right road for me.

A wet road heaving, shining,  
And wild with seagulls' cries,  
A mad salt sea-wind blowing  
The salt spray in my eyes.

My road calls me, lures me  
West, east, south, and north;  
Most roads lead men homewards,  
My road leads me forth

To add more miles to the tally  
Of grey miles left behind,  
In quest of that one beauty  
God put me here to find.

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Robert Southey,  
Poet Laureate  
1813-1843



Wm. Wordsworth  
Poet Laureate  
1843-1850



Tennyson,  
Poet Laureate  
1850-1892



Alfred Austin,  
Poet Laureate  
1896-1913



Combine Photos  
Victoria, Queen from 1837-1901,  
was sovereign to four poets laureate.

## Winter Violets by ALFRED AUSTIN

*Lines laid on the Bier of Queen Victoria*

Here are sad flowers, with wintry weeping wet,  
Dews of the dark that drench the violet.  
Thus over her, whom death yet more endears,  
Nature and man together blend their tears.

## Lucy

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I travelled among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.  
  
Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.  
  
Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.  
  
Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played;  
And thine is too the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.



Courtesy of British Information Service  
Elizabeth I, Queen from 1558-1603,  
honored Edmund Spenser in the days  
before poets laureate were appointed.

## Epilogue by ROBERT SOUTHEY

He prays that many a year may pass away  
Ere the State call thee from a life of love;  
And gracious Heaven thy chosen nuptials bless  
With all a Wife's and all a Mother's happiness.

## A Welcome by ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!  
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!  
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,  
Scatter the blossom under her feet!  
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!  
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!  
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!  
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!  
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!  
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!  
Flames, on the windy headland flare!  
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!  
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!  
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!  
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher  
Melt into stars for the land's desire!  
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,  
Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,  
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,  
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire. . . .

## To the Ladies in the Court

By EDMUND SPENSER

If all the world to seeke I oeverwent,  
A fairer crew yet no where could I see  
Then that brave court doth to mine eie present,  
That the world's pride seemes gathered there to bee.



Combine Photos  
Spenser, honored  
by Queen Bess



# ezier speling and/or

## its konsikuensez

English grammar and spelling crashed the headlines recently on both sides of the Atlantic. In London, England, a member of Parliament introduced a bill for "simplifaid" spelling. Fellow lawmakers approved it with tongue-in-cheek, but it isn't a law yet. In Atlanta, Georgia, the state's lawmakers tried to legislate a meaning for "and/or."

There are, of course, many serious supporters of simplified English spelling. One strong advocate was the famous Irish playwright, George Bernard Shaw. He proposed a system of forty symbols to replace our present alphabet. In his will he left money for the development of his system.

However, systems for simplifying English spelling range from that proposed by Benjamin Franklin to the one advocated by Theodore Roosevelt. Which one would make spelling "ezier"?

### Ezier Speling Bil Skors in Kommuns

By THOMAS F. BRADY  
in the New York Times

LONDON, Feb. 27—Dhe Konservativ Government suferd its fersht difiet in Parlement tuudei on dhe kuestshen ov simplifaid speling, but nobudi wuriid mutsh about dhe konsikuensez bicoaz ounli 118 memberz out ov 625 wer prezent foar dhe vouting.

The preceding paragraph is spelled according to the tenets of Mont Follick; sponsor of the simplified spelling bill, which passed its second reading in Commons—its first Parliamentary test—by a division of 65 to 53 despite a Government recommendation that the House reject it.

The results of the vote produced good-natured cries of "Resign! Resign!"

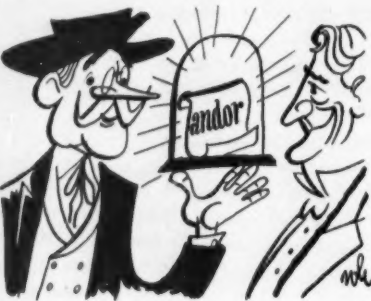
Mr. Follick's proposal, a private member's bill without organized support from either major party, calls only for research and teaching experimentation. But should the government decide to bring concentrated political force to bear against the measure, it will have little chance of success.

(While the British were tinkering with spelling, the lawmakers in Atlanta, Ga., were doctoring the meaning of "and/or"):

### Georgia House Votes 'And/or' into 'Andor'

News Story by the United Press

ATLANTA, GA., Feb. 19—The Georgia House of Representatives unanimously passed a bill today to create a word to be known as "andor."



The bill said the word shall mean "either," "or," "both," "and," "and or," and "and and or."

Its sponsor, Representative John Bell of Richmond County, said the new word would replace the designation "and/or" and "eliminate much confusion over interpreting legal documents."

(Again the touchy point seemed to be whether the Georgia solution promised to make matters less, or more, confusing. . . .)

### Language, Laws and Life\*

Editorial from the New York Times

A United Press dispatch, less than three inches in length, managed to squeeze itself into the lower left-hand corner of the front page yesterday.

This U. P. dispatch did not come from Washington, London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Belgrade, Moscow, Peiping or Tokyo—any of the world capitals that emanate big news at all hours on short notice. Nor did it deal with war, peace, flood, famine, democracy or dictatorship—any of the big topics that agitate

mankind. It came from Atlanta and dealt with semantics.

The dispatch stated that the Georgia House of Representatives had unanimously passed a bill to create a new word "andor." It is to replace the designation of "and/or" and this, according to the bill's sponsor, would "eliminate much confusion."

That remains to be seen. Our own guess is that a will in Georgia or elsewhere, that left a substantial bequest to, say, Second Cousins Harold *andor* Wilmer would cause as much confusion in the courts, not to mention dissension between Harold and Wilmer, as a will which left the same bequest to Second Cousins Harold *and/or* Wilmer.

Perhaps the conclusion to be drawn from this episode is that one cannot reform the English language by removing one slanted line any more than one can create a perfect world by removing one surface irritation.

The way to end the confusion caused by "and/or" is not to create a synonym just as confusing but to avoid the word altogether by saying precisely what is meant—"either," "both," "and," or "or." Real solutions are always harder to find than panaceas, but they have the advantage that they work.



### And/or Merger Loses in Georgia's Senate

News Story by the United Press

ATLANTA, Feb. 25 (UP) — The Georgia Senate today defeated and/or rejected an attempt by the House of Representatives to make "andor" a legal term in the state.

The House had approved a bill to change "and/or" as used in legal documents to what it regarded as the simpler "andor." But the Senate by unanimous vote tabled the House bill. That means it will be pigeonholed and/or forgotten.

LITERARY CAVALCADE

# Caval QUIZ

• Test Yourself on This Issue of Literary Cavalcade

Reading Comprehension Quizzes • Topics for Composition and Discussion  
Vocabulary Building • Evaluating Standards and Ideas • Literary Appreciation • Crossword Puzzle

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

CLASS \_\_\_\_\_ APRIL, 1953

## Focus on Reading

### Quick Quiz

#### White Sweater (p. 5)

A. After each of the following sentences, write the name of the character (Roberta, Mrs. Syms, Mr. Syms, Miss Harvey, Jimmy Runkle, Peter) whom the sentence describes. Count five points for each. Total: 30.

1. He was just about the most popular boy in the freshman class—that's all he was. \_\_\_\_\_

2. She could not bear to think of the disappointment that lay in store for Roberta. \_\_\_\_\_

3. He was all set to discuss Greek philosophers—but it wasn't for that reason that the phone had rung. \_\_\_\_\_

4. He threw dirt on Roberta's socks, which certainly seemed SIGNIFICANT. \_\_\_\_\_

5. She thought it just barely possible that some other girls might want to talk to their parents. \_\_\_\_\_

6. She thought that maybe a permanent would increase her appeal. \_\_\_\_\_

My score \_\_\_\_\_

#### B. For You to Discuss

What were some of the things that Roberta and her father had in common? What new needs and interests drew her closer to her mother? Do you think it is true that at certain stages of a young person's development one parent is likely to become more important than the other? What special roles can a mother and father separately play in the life of a boy? of a girl?

#### The Iron Box (p. 8)

A. Number the following events in the order in which they occurred in the story. Count five points for each. Total: 35.

\_\_\_a. The writer returns to see a second performance by Katona.

(Answers appear in the Teacher Edition)

\_\_\_b. The writer makes a thorough examination of Katona's iron box.

\_\_\_c. The writer and Katona talk together for the first time at La Petite Marmite.

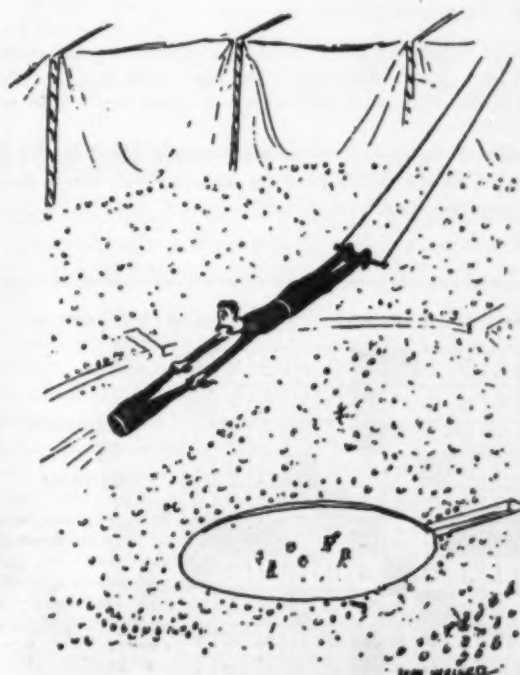
\_\_\_d. The writer returns to his job at the U. N.

\_\_\_e. The writer assists Katona onstage with the "iron box trick."

\_\_\_f. A bespectacled member of the audience challenges Katona to allow himself to be thrown into the Seine in his iron box.

\_\_\_g. Katona is thrown into the Seine in his iron box.

My score \_\_\_\_\_



From Best Cartoons from Punch, published by Simon and Schuster  
"Marjorie!"

APRIL, 1953

## B. For You to Discuss

What first caused the writer to be interested in Katona? To what extent did he satisfy the curiosity Katona had originally aroused in him? What important lesson did he learn from Katona that had nothing to do with magic or tricks?

## Footfalls (p. 23)

A. Write in the blank space before each quotation the name of the speaker (Boaz, Manuel, or Mr. Wood). Count seven points for each. Total: 35.

\_\_\_\_\_ 1. "Nine years I waited for you to come; nine years I listened to every step that went by, every day, every night."

\_\_\_\_\_ 2. "The lock on the door. It's . . . I might say . . . a little weak. Would it trouble you to get me a stronger one?"

\_\_\_\_\_ 3. "What's the matter . . . trying to get rid of me? I'm just gonna stay home and take it easy."

\_\_\_\_\_ 4. "I want to keep them strong—my hands and arms should be powerful and strong."

\_\_\_\_\_ 5. "Pop? He likes to work. He's just made that way, see?"

My score \_\_\_\_\_

## B. For You to Discuss

What faults did Boaz have as a father? In what ways was he a good father? Did you agree with him, by the end of the story, that Manuel was a "good boy"? Why or why not?

What is the source of suspense in this play? By what details does the author keep up our suspense? When does the suspense come to a climax?

Crossword  
Puzzle  
Answer

Sure, you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on page 4-C of *Cavalquiz*.

## Have Fun with Words

## Words in the News

Some of the words in this month's vocabulary group are to be found in your newspaper almost every day. Others, while not so omnipresent, are still commonly used in newspaper articles, editorials, and columns.

All of these words get used frequently enough so that their meanings often become "fuzzy" in the minds of readers. *Semantics*, for instance, is used with so many shadings, and in so many different contexts, that it is easy to forget what the strict meaning of the word is.

Sharpen your own use of words, and your newspaper readership, by "cornering" these words and getting their definitions fixed in your mind.

I. Match the words in *Column I* with their correct definitions in *Column II* by placing the letter of the appropriate *Column II* definition opposite the number of the *Column I* word. Count five points for each correct answer. Total score: 50.

## Column I

## Column II

- |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| — 1. belligerents (p. 28, col. 1)   | a. one who has done much to help mankind, charitable person |
| — 2. caricature (p. 37, col. 2)     | b. in favor of extreme changes                              |
| — 3. facsimile (p. 34, col. 3)      | c. supporting public, rather than private ownership         |
| — 4. monopolist (p. 35 col. 3)      | d. people or nations who are at war                         |
| — 5. panacea (p. 18, col. 3)        | e. guesses, conjectures                                     |
| — 6. philanthropist (p. 35, col. 3) | f. one in sole control of a business or market              |
| — 7. radical (p. 35, col. 3)        | g. an exact copy of something                               |
| — 8. semantics (p. 18, col. 3)      | h. writing or drawing exaggerated for purposes of satire    |
| — 9. socialistic (p. 35, col. 3)    | i. supposed cure or remedy                                  |
| — 10. speculations (p. 35, col. 3)  | j. scientific study of language                             |

My score \_\_\_\_\_

(Note: Each of these ten words was taken from this issue of *Literary Cavalcade*. You'll find the words used in the places indicated in parentheses in the *Column I* list. To make doubly sure you understand the words, check the ways in which they are used in the issue.)

(The necessarily brief definitions given in *Column II* do not always indicate the many shadings of meaning which one word may have accumulated. After you have completed this short quiz, you may be interested in checking your dictionary to find fuller explanations of how the words are used. You will expand your understanding of words, and gain facility in using them, if you take the words in this list separately and try to use each word in as many different sentences as possible.)



## Put Words to Work

II. First, correct any mistakes you have made in Section I. Then insert in the blank spaces in each of the sentences below the *one* word from *Column I* which best fits the meaning indicated in parentheses. Count five points for each sentence. Total: 50.

1. In the last war, many nations were numbered among the \_\_\_\_\_. (*groups engaged in fighting*)
2. Swenson was questioned about his reportedly \_\_\_\_\_ beliefs. (*extremely reformist in thinking*)
3. The Congressman denounced the bill as \_\_\_\_\_ (in favor of government ownership)
4. In the U. S. the heyday of the \_\_\_\_\_ is largely past. (*man who has exclusive economic power*)
5. Since Stalin's death, there have been many \_\_\_\_\_ as to the possible international consequences. (*ideas unsupported by facts, theorizings*)
6. Two columns of the obituary page were devoted to reporting the death of the well known \_\_\_\_\_. (*benefactor, large-scale donor to charities*)
7. The *Times* regarded the Senator's suggestion as an impossible \_\_\_\_\_. (*cure-all*)
8. The *News'* report of the trial was illustrated by a \_\_\_\_\_ of the letter which the defense submitted as evidence. (*accurate reproduction*)
9. Among the many problems of an editor, that of \_\_\_\_\_ is one of the most important. (*science of words and meanings*)
10. The mayor complained to the *Sun* about its cartoonist's \_\_\_\_\_ of him. (*unflattering drawing*)

My score \_\_\_\_\_

## Haunted!

"He shakes his head as if to remove an obsessive thought," p. 23, col. 3.

*obsessive*. A man with an *obsession* has a basic idea or emotion that dominates all his thoughts and actions. An *obsessive* thought is one that's ever-present—one that "haunts" you.



A "haunt" is something you can't get away from. It follows you everywhere with singleminded insistence. So, too, with an obsession.

The Romans let their imaginations play on the meaning of this condition of the mind when they coined the word *obsidere*, from which our word *obsession* comes.

*Obsidere* was made up of two Latin words: *ob* (upon) and *sedere* (to sit). Literally, the word *obsession* means "a sitting upon." The controlling idea or emotion that we refer to as an *obsession* "sits upon" your mind or consciousness.

## Composition Capers

### Suspense!

"Iron Box," the short story on page 8 of this issue, depends for its effect upon *suspense*. So does the TV play, "Footfalls" (p. 23). The author of "Iron Box" keeps the reader on "pins and needles" as he builds up an atmosphere of intrigue and mystery. In "Footfalls," we find ourselves waiting, as Boaz is waiting, for the sound of a certain pair of feet.

The special kind of excitement illustrated by this story and play is what we usually associate with the word *suspense*. It's the kind of interest that keeps you sitting on the edge of your chair. It's excitement—gradually building up to a climax.

### Just Wait!

Some people make the mistake of thinking that this is the only kind of interest that deserves the word *suspense*. But this is not so. Any story should have suspense. Any well-written story does.

The real meaning of *suspense* is "to await some-

thing," to be eager to know what is going to happen next. If you feel half-way through a story that you really don't care what happens next, the author has failed in his major job.

Note how the author of "Overboard" (p. 3) makes us "wait" for the climax of his story. The story begins with a splash—man overboard. We don't know at first what has happened to him, from what kind of ship he has fallen into the sea. Then—bit by bit—the information comes out. We learn that his ship belonged to a convoy; that gradually, each ship in the convoy is being made aware of the man's plight. But even as we learn more and more about the situation, we are kept in suspense as to whether the entire convoy will be redirected in order to save this one life that is being tossed about in the sea.

Suspense in a story is achieved by revealing information bit-by-bit. We learn something about a situation; what we have learned makes us want to know more. Or a series of events has already begun; we want to know how it ends.

After you've read "The Iron Box," the short story on

page 8, try charting the suspense of this story in outline form on a piece of paper. List the important details of the story in the order we're told about them. Underline those that serve to build up the greatest suspense. Star the event that you believe represents the *climax* of the suspense.

### Let's Have Some Action

You can achieve suspense in a short story in two ways: through *action* and *character*. Before beginning a story, you should decide which type of suspense you're going to emphasize. Whichever type you choose, you must know the *climax* you intend your suspense to lead up to. (Suspense without climax isn't fair to the reader; once you've built up his curiosity, he has a right to demand that it be satisfied.)

If you choose *action*, your suspense will be of the kind you find in "Iron Box" and "Footfalls." You will plan a certain number of happenings. Each will be interesting in itself, but each will lead to a climax that may take the form of:

(a) **solution.** The revelation of *why* the events happened as they did.

(b) **surprise.** A final explanation of the events that throws a whole new light on them.

(c) **result.** The final result of the events. (Here the reader must see how and why the events led to this particular result.)

(d) **suggestion.** In this type of climax, the result is hinted

at—rather than stated. The reader is left with something to wonder about, as in the "Iron Box." But the suggestion must leave us with some possibilities to chew on, or else it will be a disappointing climax.

### The People You Meet

Many modern stories derive their suspense from *character* rather than action. The "character type" of suspense comes about through our interest in a central character or characters. The climax in this case may tell or suggest to us:

(a) *why* the character is as he is.

(b) *how* the character is changing, or is likely to change in the future.

"Strength," David Markowitz's story in "Cavalcade Firsts," draws its suspense from our interest in the character of Carlie. David Bender's story "Dad's Son," also in "Cavalcade Firsts," centers its suspense about the boy and his father. The climax of "Strength" is the full revelation of what Carlie is like, and why; the climax of "Dad's Son" is the change that takes place in the boy's attitude toward his father.

Which kind of suspense—character or action—do you find most satisfying? Which kind do you think *you* could best employ in a story? What kind of story would it be? And why not start writing it—now?

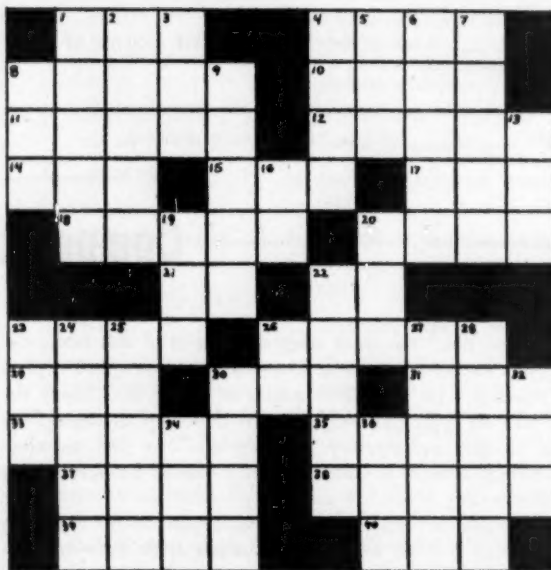
### ACROSS

- \* 1. "Slippery as an \_\_\_\_\_"
- \* 4. Newly wealthy persons who show off vulgarly are called "cod-\_\_\_\_\_ aristocracy."
8. Lost color.
10. The \_\_\_\_\_ Canal.
11. Eagerness.
- \* 12. A sharp-eyed person has an "\_\_\_\_\_ eye."
14. Tiny.
15. Not in.
- \* 17. When you go all the way, you go whole \_\_\_\_\_.
- \* 18. When a person's posture is poor, he is said to be suffering from a kangaroo \_\_\_\_\_.
20. Boy's name that reads the same backwards and forwards.
21. Wave length (*abbrev.*).
22. Territory of Hawaii (*abbrev.*).
- \* 23. A far-fetched tale is a "cock and \_\_\_\_\_ story."
- \* 26. The wrinkles at the outer corners of your eyes are "\_\_\_\_\_ feet."
- \* 29. When you imitate someone, you \_\_\_\_\_ him.
30. Body of water.
31. Female chicken.
33. Separately.
35. Part of an act in a play.
37. Older brother of Jacob.
- \* 38. A candidate brought out at the last minute is a dark \_\_\_\_\_.
39. Tear something.
40. Golfers need this.

### DOWN

- \* 1. The corners of well-thumbed pages in a book are "dog-\_\_\_\_\_."
2. Older person.
3. New York Giant manager \_\_\_\_\_ Durocher.
4. Three \_\_\_\_\_ in a yard.
5. George and \_\_\_\_\_ Gershwin wrote music and lyrics together.
6. The first of the five senses.
7. In ancient Greece, a slave of Sparta.
- \* 8. When you are made the tool of someone, you are said to be his cat's \_\_\_\_\_.
9. Run at the mouth.
13. One's sense of importance.
16. Not down.
- \* 19. A late night train is called an "\_\_\_\_\_ train."
20. Exclamation of surprise.
22. Anything useless.
23. Sheep talk.
24. Avoid this berth in a Pullman sleeper.
25. Rent for a time.
26. Civil Engineer (*abbrev.*).
27. In what place?
- \* 28. A wise person is said to have horse-\_\_\_\_\_.
30. A wall support in a building.
32. Word placed before the former name of a married woman.
34. Moved swiftly.
36. Small portable canvas bed.

## A Menagerie of Words



● There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (\*) are all used in idioms. See how many of these starred words (there are 13) you can get. Allow yourself 5 points for each starred word and one point for each of the others. Add a bonus of 20 points if you get all the starred words right. If you get all the words, plus the bonus, you should have a total score of 100. Answers are on page 2-C, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?



Veteran actor Walter Slezak plays the blind cobbler, Boaz, left, in a gripping dramatization of "Footfalls" on *Danger*, CBS-TV.

# FOOTFALLS

*Patiently Boaz waited for revenge . . .  
for the footfalls he knew must come*

## CHARACTERS

BOAZ, cobbler  
LORENZO, a fisherman  
FEDERICO, a fisherman  
ALFREDO, a fisherman  
JOSEPH, a fisherman  
MANUEL, Boaz's son  
MR. WOOD, a boarder  
POLICEMEN

*Camera opens on full shot of a dilapidated clapboard house of the past*

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Produced on *Danger* over CBS-TV. Copyright 1929 by Wilbur Daniel Steele.

century, New England fishing-village style. We see a neat street with colonial houses, a church, etc.

*Camera moves in for a close-up of the sign on door: "Boaz, Cobbler." Camera goes through door into the shop. It is one room with two rear windows and a rear door. Camera picks up Boaz at work. He is blind. He pounds on a shoe on a last. He blindly but surely finds the right nails. Intermittently he pauses as sound of footsteps comes up.*

*Camera picks up several people going past his shop, then we see only the feet—a young girl in high heels, a child*

A TV play • Based on a story by  
WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Adapted by HEDDA ROWAN

*running, a man's confident stride in well-designed shoes. At this last shot, Boaz jumps up, tense, gripping the iron last, listening hard as a blind man listens. The footsteps pass. He sits, a slight moan escaping from him. He shakes his head as if to remove an obsessive thought. He goes back to pounding the last, more fiercely than before.*

*Lorenzo enters the shop, carrying several pairs of boots. He is a fisherman—Portuguese—and dressed as one. He shuts the door behind him. The hammering does not stop. Boaz speaks first.*

BOAZ: What do you want, Lorenzo?

LORENZO: For a blind man, you see very well.

BOAZ: What do you want?

LORENZO: I heard your hammer. So I thought to come in.

*(Boaz continues with hammer. Pause. Finally—)*

BOAZ: So?

LORENZO: So I have . . . boots for you to patch up. Mine and Federico's, too. Federico . . . he would not come. *(Tosses boots on bench.)*

APRIL, 1953



BOAZ: Tomorrow they will be ready.  
LORENZO: You make him very sad, Boaz. Federico is very sad about you. (Silence) Boaz, my friend, listen to me. We are all your friends.

BOAZ: Do not try to be kind. I don't want your kindness. (He stops hammering.)

LORENZO: This way a man cannot live. Everyone needs—

BOAZ: I need nobody. Nobody. Not you. Not the others. Now go. Leave me to my work.

LORENZO: Boaz! Just to sit here? Never to go out?

BOAZ: Never will I go out. I wait. I listen. What if I should let him pass? What if I let . . . that dog . . . slip by?

LORENZO: This will bring no good to you. I speak from my heart. Day and night to pound and pound your hammer . . .

BOAZ: Yes. I pound. I pound these shoes. And do you know—when there are no more shoes, I pound on the iron last, on and on . . . I want to keep them strong . . . my hands and arms should be powerful and strong.

LORENZO: Everyone says, after so many years, Boaz now will forget his son, Manuel.

BOAZ: How do you know what I have to forget? I still wait. Do you hear? That dog will come. He will come back! Do you hear? He will come back!

LORENZO: I'm sorry, Boaz. I did not mean to bring this . . . distress; to remind you . . . I was just thinking of the other days. When everything was different. The shop was full of laughter. You were happy then, you would come singing. I was just remembering . . .

(Dissolve to: Four young men sitting, singing a sea chanty. Federico, Alfredo, Lorenzo, Joseph—all fishermen. Boaz—younger, stronger, erect—stops his hammering to join in. Chanty ends in laughter.)

FEDERICO: Come, come Boaz—why do you fix it too good, my friend? This way shoes last too long. You lose your business, eh?

BOAZ: A minute more . . . I like it to be right, yes.

FEDERICO: Many thanks. But I cannot wait. I . . .

LORENZO: His feet have the itch . . . that one . . .

ALFREDO: And where, my fine Federico, is your itch leading you? . . . Where?

JOSEPH: Tell us! Tell us!

LORENZO: His ears get red. Look. Like a girl's. (Laughter)

FEDERICO: Joke. Go on. Have your joke.

LORENZO: What we want to know is what your so big hurry is?

BOAZ: A girl, Federico? Which one? We are all friends, no?

ALFREDO: Maria, maybe? Maria with the twinkling ankle and the good legs? Sure, I think it is the one.

FEDERICO: You can laugh. Go ahead. Boaz, my boot. I don't have to listen to these—

BOAZ: Do not mind them, Federico. Already, they have a wife. They are strong and young. And they know how to fish and tell loud jokes, but truly they envy you. Here. Here is your boot. Go. Run, run to your Maria.

FEDERICO: How much, Boaz?

BOAZ: Today, half price, eh? Because it is spring, and we are all friends, and there is no evil in the world? (Laughter) Now you can all go. I have work to do. Except, Lorenzo. His boots I have yet to fix.

JOSEPH: We go . . . we go . . . we have work, too.

(They exit except Alfredo and Lorenzo.)

BOAZ: Alfredo, you did not go?

ALFREDO: For a blind man you see very well. I go! Till tomorrow, Boaz—(He exits.)

BOAZ: Wait—someone is here . . . (He pauses, listens intently. Camera close-up of Manuel's feet walking.) Manuel? Is it you, Manuel? (Manuel appears through draped doorway leading to back of house.)

MANUEL: Hello, Pop.

BOAZ: He look good, Manuel? Nice clothes—they fit him good, no?

LORENZO: Tell us, do you go for Consuela to take her for a ride in the park?

MANUEL: I've got other things on my mind.

LORENZO: How about coming out with me tomorrow on the boat? There are too many fish this year—work for everyone.

BOAZ: He is still a boy, Lorenzo.

LORENZO: What do you say, Manuel?

MANUEL: I got other things on my mind.

LORENZO: And till then your old poppa skins his fingers hammering day and night. Trying to save a few dollars.

MANUEL: Pop? He likes to work. He's just made that way, see?

BOAZ: Enough, enough. There is plenty of time yet for Manuel, and work. He is a good boy. Go, Manuel, go. Have a good time.

MANUEL: OK, Pop. Say Pop, you got five bucks to spare? It's something . . .

BOAZ: Don't explain to the old man. Sure. Here's money. And more if you need it.

MANUEL: That's swell. Thanks, Pop. (Gives Boaz an affectionate squeeze on his shoulder.) I got to go now. (Gives Lorenzo a scornful look.)

BOAZ: You be home midnight for sure.

MANUEL: Sure. Sure. Don't worry about me.

(He exits.)

BOAZ: Manuel, he is a good boy.

LORENZO: You are a good father to him, Boaz. Sometimes I think you are too good. When he was a little boy, that was one thing. Now he is a grown man. My father would throw me two cents on the day he got paid and to me it was great luck. And today, why today . . . I am a good fisherman, that's what!

BOAZ: Manuel, he have plenty of time to work. Besides, he . . . he is not too stout.

LORENZO: You, yourself, you are not too stout.

BOAZ: Money? I do not worry about it. Here I make my living. I own my own house. Even I have a boarder who pays me well.

LORENZO: Mister Wood? Hah! With such a rich job at the bank, he should pay you well!

BOAZ: He has the upstairs of the house. Manuel and I . . . we live down here. On Saturdays he pays me five dollars . . . I cannot complain. (Pause) Wait! . . . someone comes . . .

(Close-up of Mr. Wood walking: Legs and feet only, coming from outside of shop. His hand, manicured, opens the door, showing jewelled cuff links.)

BOAZ: It is you, Mister Wood? (Close-up of Wood—a gentleman, impeccably dressed, well groomed, diamond tie-pin.)

WOOD: Good evening, Boaz. Still working at this hour?

BOAZ: Work, work, work. What else is there for me? (Laughs.) This is my friend, Lorenzo, here.

LORENZO: Very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Wood. (Embarrassed) Now I go. My wife, she waits for me . . . Goodbye. Goodbye, Mr. Wood.

BOAZ: Your boots—here! (Lorenzo rushes out.)

BOAZ: There is nothing wrong, Mr. Wood? Your room? Everything is OK, eh?

WOOD: Fine. Fine, Boaz. Just one thing I want to ask. The lock on the door. It's . . . I might say . . . a little weak. Would it trouble you to get me a stronger one? Not that I have any valuables to speak of, you know, but . . .

BOAZ (disturbed): A new lock? But no one goes up there. No one but Manuel . . . and I. But sure, if you say so. Alfredo is good lockmaker. Tomorrow, it is done.

WOOD: Fine. Well—I have some read-

ing to do—(Picks up briefcase and book.)

BOAZ (attempting to make conversation): Always you are reading, Mr. Wood.

WOOD: It's my one hobby. It might do your son good to try a bit of reading instead of—I mean, haven't you ever thought of having Manuel learn the trade?

BOAZ: Shoemaking is good enough only for a blind man.

WOOD: Oh, I don't know. At least it's better than doing nothing at all.

BOAZ (after a pause): Manuel, he ain't too stout, you know. (Loud) Manuel is a good boy!

WOOD: Yes, I suppose so . . . Well, I'll be running along now. You'll see about the lock, then?

BOAZ: Tomorrow . . .

(Wood exits. Boaz is upset. He gets up, pokes up stove, returns to last, starts pounding, stops . . .)

BOAZ (aloud, to himself—bitter, afraid): He speak against Manuel. He speak against my boy . . . A new lock? . . . A strong one, eh? Why? Ignorant Boaz, he want to know why? So . . . So . . . let it be. (Boaz stops work. Walks to clock without glass, touches the hands. It's 10 o'clock. He walks tiredly to a washstand across the room. Blindly pours water into basin. Washes his face, goes to cot in another corner, lies down, pulls blanket over himself. He does not sleep, but stares with his blind eyes. Finally he closes his eyes for sleep.)

Cut to Wood's room. He is just closing the door. He turns the key. Adjusts another lock. He removes his coat, studies his face in mirror, puts on his dressing gown, sits down, fills his pipe, starts reading.

Sound of bright whistling. Cut to Manuel coming into shop. The clock points to 2 a.m. Manuel, noisy, bumps into a chair. Boaz stirs, awakes.)

MANUEL: It's only me, Pop. Go back to sleep.

BOAZ: What time is it, Manuel?

MANUEL: Two o'clock. I'm late, Pop. Some of the fellows got in a card game. I won. Here's your five bucks back. (Puts it in his hand.)

BOAZ: Such money I do not want. Take it. (Boaz rolls it into a ball, tosses it on the floor.)

MANUEL: What's the matter, Pop? What you mad about? What'd I do?

BOAZ: Such money I do not want. Dirty money. (Gently now) You make me very sad, Manuel.

MANUEL: Ah, Pop. Don't start that again!

BOAZ: It's not honest—such money.

MANUEL: What are you talking about. I didn't cheat, did I?

BOAZ: If you don't work, you cheat. Federico, Lorenzo—their money is all right. They work for it.

MANUEL: And you know what I think about your Federicos and Lorenzos; fools, suckers. Look at them. Working like dogs, what've they got? Look at you, yes, skinning your fingers—and for what?

BOAZ (sadly puzzled): What do you want, Manuel? You are not a boy any more. What do you want?

MANUEL: I don't know, Pop. I don't know. Except it's not what Federico got—or you—it's something more . . . It's like I gotta get out of something or find something . . . y'know?

BOAZ (groping): Sure . . . sure . . . you want something . . . you don't know what.

MANUEL: Just give me time, Pop. I'll find it. Wait and see.

### About the Author

Wilbur Daniel Steele started out to be an artist. After he was graduated from high school in Denver, Colo., (1907) he studied art in Boston and later for a year in Europe. While abroad he wrote a number of short stories and decided to change to a writing career. He has published over twenty books of short stories, novels, and plays—and has won prizes for many of his stories.

BOAZ: Sure. Sure, there is plenty of time for work. You are not too stout yet.

MANUEL (gently): Go to sleep now, Pop, it's late.

BOAZ: You are a good boy, Manuel. MANUEL: Quit the kidding, Pop.

BOAZ: You go to sleep too, eh? (Boaz gets back into bed, pulls the blanket up. Manuel watches. Boaz closes his eyes. Manuel picks up the crumpled five dollar bill, straightens it out, puts it in his pocket. He exits.)

(Dissolve to the next day, Wood entering cobbler shop. He carries bulging briefcase, books. Room is empty. Wood calls.)

WOOD: Hello? Boaz? . . . (From behind the drape, Boaz enters. The drape remains open, revealing Manuel, eating in the kitchen beyond.) Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt. I'll come back later—

BOAZ: No . . . no. You are early from the bank. Everything all right, Mr. Wood?

WOOD: Fine. I just thought I'd pay you earlier this week. I have business out of town, tomorrow. Be back Saturday, though. (Boaz is standing on one side of his work-table. Wood is fumbling with his briefcase, trying to get it open on the other side of the work-

bench. It sticks.) I have the money right here . . . what a nuisance . . . it's stuck. (Finally opens briefcase; as he does so a large wad of bills falls out, hits Boaz's hand.) Oh . . . sorry. Clumsy of me. (Boaz feels for the money, picks it up in his hand, feeling the amount. He turns toward Manuel. Wood returns roll to briefcase and draws out his wallet, also from briefcase.) Here's your money, Boaz. That makes us up to date.

BOAZ (low, tense): That was very much money, Mr. Wood.

WOOD: Yes, very much. Government money. It's for the breakwater workings. I'm to deliver it tomorrow. Payroll, you know. Have to get an early start, you know. Well—Goodnight!

(Sound of footsteps going out. Camera follows Wood out. Boaz remains motionless listening after him. Camera picks up Manuel, eating, apparently absorbed. Boaz finally enters, sits down at table: Boaz knows as a blind man knows that Manuel had seen the money. Manuel speaks without looking up from table.)

MANUEL: What'd the old boy want?

BOAZ: Nothing. Just paid his rent. Nothing.

MANUEL: Oh.

BOAZ (searching): Maybe you go out and see the boys tonight? Go and buy them all a drink, eh?

MANUEL: What's the matter, Pop? Trying to get rid of me? I'm just gonna stay home and take it easy.

(Camera cuts to Mr. Wood in his room. He is wearing his dressing gown. Briefcase, carelessly tossed on table, money exposed.)

Cut to Manuel lying on cot, reading. He gets up, crosses room, gets toothpick.

Cut to Boaz sitting in chair, tense, alert to every sound. He jumps forward at each movement. He listens acutely as we get alternate close-ups of footsteps of Wood and Manuel. Boaz gets up. He touches the clock. It's nine o'clock. He sits again. He is like an animal, waiting, crouched, waiting, expectant.

Wood puts his head out of his door.)

WOOD: Manuel! Hey, down there! You still up?

MANUEL: Yeah. Ain't sleepy.

WOOD: Neither am I. Say, do you like to play cards?

MANUEL: What kind? Rummy? Poker?

WOOD: What do you say to having a game of poker then? If you're not sleepy.

(Camera follows Manuel upstairs to Wood's room. Cut to Boaz sitting tense, drawn, fearful.)

BOAZ (whispers, almost a prayer):

Do not stay there, Manuel. Do not stay. Do not stay. *(He gets up, crosses room, comes back to chair.)*

BOAZ: Come down, Manuel . . . Come down where you belong. There is no good for you up there.

*(Camera cuts to Manuel and Wood playing cards. There is a bottle of wine. They're concentrating on the game.)*

Cut back to clock. It is one o'clock.

Cut to Boaz listening to the sounds — of glasses, footsteps, of cards thrown down and a loud laugh. Silence. Then sound of scuffle. A thud. Silence, then only the sound of the clock ticking. Finally footsteps, footfalls going down the stairs from Wood's room.

Close-up of feet on stairs. You can't tell whether it is Manuel or Wood. Sound of door closing. Footsteps disappear. Smoke begins to pour into the room. Boaz stumbles about.)

BOAZ *(whimpering)*: Manuel, my boy . . . Manuel . . .

*(Dissolve through fire effect to policemen and others standing around.)*

POLICEMAN: Sorry about the house, Boaz. Only thing left is this room.

BOAZ: The body?

POLICEMAN: It's Mr. Wood all right — even though the body's burnt to a crisp. He still had the cufflinks and the diamond pin. Must have been all dressed up.

LORENZO: Funny he couldn't have got away.

POLICEMAN: He couldn't get away because he was murdered.

LORENZO: Murdered?

POLICEMAN: The back of his skull was smashed with this andiron . . . feel of it, Boaz. You recognize it?

BOAZ: Yes . . . It is mine.

POLICEMAN: Boaz—where is Manuel? *(Silence)* Answer me, Boaz. Where is Manuel?

BOAZ: Yes, where is Manuel?

POLICEMAN: Come now, Boaz, when did you see him last?

BOAZ: At supper.

POLICEMAN: The bank has already informed us that Mr. Wood had \$50,000 in cash. Payroll for Government workings. Tell us, you knew about this money?

BOAZ: Yes. Yes, I knew of it.

POLICEMAN: And did Manuel know?

BOAZ: Manuel?

POLICEMAN: Come on, Boaz. Out with it.

BOAZ: Yes. Perhaps . . . perhaps Manuel, he know.

POLICEMAN TWO: And you know that Manuel is gone, and the money too is gone?

BOAZ: Yes, I know Manuel is gone.

POLICEMAN: Do not think you can save him this way, Boaz! We will find him out. That is all for now.

BOAZ *(close-up)*: That is all, you say? That is all? Now I have lost everything. My house. My son. Even my honor. You do not think I would like to live. But I live. I work. One day he shall come back again, in the dark night to have a look . . . Till then I wait . . . I listen . . . I wait for his step . . .

*(Camera dissolve. We come back to Boaz with Lorenzo standing near him as in opening scene.)*

BOAZ: He will come back! Do you hear! He will come back!

LORENZO: Boaz, my friend . . .

BOAZ *(lifting his head)*: Are you still here?

LORENZO: Are you all right? Sure? You were starting so . . . like . . .

BOAZ: It's nothing. Forget it.

LORENZO: When will the boots be ready?

BOAZ: Tomorrow.

LORENZO *(leaving)*: Nothing you need, Boaz?

BOAZ: Nothing.

*(Lorenzo exits. Boaz starts to work, stops, goes to water basin, picks up pitcher and pours water then stops stunned. He is listening to the sound of footfalls coming closer.)*

*(Close-up of footsteps coming up stairs to cobbler shop. Boaz returns to workbench, starts pounding on a shoe, waiting. Footsteps pause. Close-up of door-knob being turned. Door opens. Silence. Then—)*

BOAZ: What . . . what can I do for you?

*(Close-up of Wood, bearded. He cannot be recognized.)*

WOOD: You are a cobbler?

BOAZ: Yes. My . . . name is Boaz. You . . . you are a stranger here?

WOOD: Yes. I was just passing through, thought I'd look around. My shoes could use a pair of heels. . . .

BOAZ: I am a little deaf . . . I cannot hear . . . Would you come closer?

WOOD: I said I have a pair of shoes—You mend shoes?

BOAZ: Yes. That is my job.

WOOD: I thought if you could do them at once . . .

BOAZ: I'm sorry—I still do not hear. You left the door open. I will shut it. *(He closes door. Wood walks toward door.)*

WOOD: On the other hand, I don't think there's enough time today. I'll—*(Tries to open door. It's locked.)* It's locked! The door's locked! What are you trying to—

BOAZ *(hard)*: It takes a long time for a blind man to learn to keep his doors locked to strangers. A long time but then he learns even if he is ignorant as Boaz.

WOOD: What are you talking about?

Let me out of here. You're making a mistake. *(He tries to pull open the door.)*

BOAZ: It will not open. I have a strong lock.

WOOD: You're crazy. I'll have you arrested. I'll . . . *(He has his back against door as Boaz slowly approaches him.)*

BOAZ: You thought, how would he know me, it is so long, and you thought to come and smell around like the dirty dog that you are. But the old fool did not forget, no, Boaz did not forget.

WOOD: Don't touch me. Let me go! *(Boaz has him by the shoulder. They struggle, Boaz's hands around Wood's neck.)*

BOAZ: I have waited a long time. Do not be so frightened. Death is not so bad. You taught me, too . . . that killing is not always bad. I just put my hands around your neck so . . .

WOOD: Help! Help!

BOAZ: And so . . . and so . . . I have trained my hands well, eh? They are strong and powerful, they have been waiting for this . . . Perhaps I choke you too fast. Perhaps I should let you die slowly, you dog. Nine years I waited for you to come; nine years I listened to every step that went by, every day, every night. I dreamed of this. A thousand times, I choked you . . . just so . . . as I do now.

*(While Boaz speaks there is a pounding on the door, growing louder and more insistent. Now the camera moves in for a close-up as Boaz drops the body and stands staring down at it with a blind man's eyes. Door crashes open. Policemen, Lorenzo, and Federico rush into the shop.)*

POLICEMAN: What goes on here?

LORENZO: It's Boaz . . . with a dead man.

POLICEMAN: Stand back, stand back all of you. *(They all approach the body.)*

BOAZ: Is it . . . he, that dog?

FEDERICO: Manuel?

LORENZO: You mean Manuel?

BOAZ: No, not Manuel. Manuel was a good boy; no, it was my boy that was burned. It was that dog who called my boy upstairs, that dog who killed my boy. He put his clothes on my boy, and he set my house on fire. I know all the time. Because when I heard those feet go away, I knew they were the feet of that one from the bank. No, it was not my boy that went away. Not the footsteps of my Manuel. You fools! Did you think I was waiting for my own boy? Manuel was a good boy. Old Boaz, he knew. Yes, a good boy.

*(Camera moves in for a close-up of Boaz's face. His expression is happy and triumphant.)*



# Cavalcade Firsts 1953

By YOUNG WRITERS

A Scholastic Writing Awards Presentation

## STRENGTH

By David Markowitz

Samuel J. Tilden H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Teacher, Mrs. Fanny Fuller

*David Markowitz won a Fourth Award and a Commendation in Short Story in the 1952 Scholastic Writing Awards. In both of David's winning stories he shows remarkable insight into the psychology of young children—a faculty which you will appreciate when you are introduced to Carlie, in the story which follows. . . .*

**C**ARLIE was a good boy. Everybody said so. Ever since he was three years old the other mothers on the block had used him as a model for their youngsters. They would always end a scolding with, Why can't you be like Carlie? No wonder all the other boys began to hate him. By the time he was old enough to realize why, he had been left without a friend.

I've been thinking about Carlie lately and wondering whether he is measuring up to everybody's expectations. My mother used to say, He's got a head on his shoulders, that boy. And he's got personality. Personality is strength. Yes, he's going to get somewhere in this world.

I remember a day in June, a long time ago, when Frankie, the chubby

boy from the apartment house next door, had his birthday party. He had invited everybody on the block—except Carlie. When his mother had asked why, Frankie had said he didn't like Carlie and he guessed that since he was going to be eight years old, he was certainly able to decide for himself whom he was going to invite. But his mother had said, I don't know why you feel that way about him; he's such a good boy. And she had made him go immediately to ask Carlie to come to the party.

After lunch we all met in front of Frankie's house. I remember how hot it was that day. The sun was like a flame thrower spurting fire at you. If there was any wind, it had been exhausted by the heat and was too tired to continue the struggle. Sometimes you could hear it gasping for breath; it wanted to live, but the sun was relentless.

When we went upstairs to Frankie's apartment, Carlie noticed a thick airplane magazine he wanted to have, and Frankie said okay, Carlie could have it when he finished with it. But they knew and I knew that what he had really

meant was, I'd throw it away before I'd give it to you.

The next day I was sitting on the steps of my house when Carlie came shuffling down the street. It was hot, but I didn't mind because I saw it was going to rain soon. You know those fluffy white clouds that people like to compare to tufts of cotton. Well, take the same cotton, dip it in kerosene, and you will have the sullen gray clouds that roamed the sky that day. You were glad when you saw the clouds because you knew it was going to rain.

Carlie walked past my house to the apartment house next door without saying a word to me. There was a wrinkled old man with distorted features shoving a wooden carriage piled high with newspapers and cardboard boxes. His teeth were yellow and far apart, and his lips were cracked and bloodless. He was rummaging through garbage cans, and every once in a while he would add something to the precariously-balanced pile which he was so jealously guarding.

I think Carlie and the old man spotted the book simultaneously. It was



Drawing by Ronny Johnson, Meeker Jr. H. S., Greeley, Colo., won an award in the 1952 Scholastic Art Awards.

### Watch for the Winners!

Winners of the 1953 Scholastic Writing Awards (Senior Division) will be announced in the May issue of LITERARY CAVALCADE. This is the annual Student Achievement Issue; it will be devoted entirely to winning work from the 1953 Scholastic Art and Writing Awards.

A complete list of the winners of the 1953 Scholastic Art Awards will appear in a special Teacher Edition accompanying the May issue of LITERARY CAVALCADE. Winners in the Junior Division of the 1953 Scholastic Writing Awards will be listed in the May 20, 1953, issue of JUNIOR SCHOLASTIC.

Additional copies of the May issue of LITERARY CAVALCADE may be ordered at 25 cents a copy. Additional copies of the May 20, 1953, issue of JUNIOR SCHOLASTIC are available at 10 cents a copy. Send requests to LITERARY CAVALCADE, 351 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, New York.

Watch for your Student Achievement Issue of LITERARY CAVALCADE!

## *Cavalcade Firsts 1953*

the same magazine we had seen at Frankie's house. It was partially concealed beneath a bag of garbage in an uncovered can, and Carlie just stood there for a few seconds, watching the man as he attempted to adjust the stack of papers to the added burden of his new discovery. Who knows what thoughts stampeded through the boy's mind in that short space of time? I only know that hatred tore away all thoughts except one—he had to have the book!

Say, mister, he began as I moved closer to hear what was being said; mister, can I see the book for a second?

Grab it and run, I was thinking. When he gives it to you, run.

But the man didn't give him the chance. He only mumbled something incoherent and continued with his work.

Look, mister, he offered awkwardly, if you give me that book you have in your hand, I'll let you have a whole stack of newspapers.

The man was becoming exasperated. He muttered some foreign-sounding expression in a deep throaty voice and continued in his endeavors to balance the constantly-growing mound of papers.

Oh, a foreigner, huh? said the boy through a sneer; a dumb for-foreigner. You can't see past your fingertips. You have something in your hand and you can't see to trade it for something worth more to you.

Wait a second, mister, he added.

The man whirled around to glare at him. He was not in a bargaining mood. He had no patience.

Carlie was a frail boy, but he was fast and he had courage. His hand darted for the book as swiftly as a snake's tongue reaches out for prey. The man was slow-witted. He didn't understand what was going on until Carlie had grabbed the magazine from his hand and begun to run. Then he lunged viciously at the fleeing figure and gripped him by the wrist. The boy would not let go, but when his captor began to twist his arm, he let the book flutter to the ground. Slowly the vice-like pressure on his wrist was released as the man stooped to pick up the book. But Carlie would not give up so easily. Even though the man was willing to let him go, he refused to accept the chance. He began to punch blindly and tear furiously at the man's tattered clothing.

What happened next is very vague in my mind. I remember a woman's startled scream. Before I realized what it



David Markowitz graduated from high school last June and is now attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The scientific courses he's taking there leave him little time for his favorite hobby—short story writing; but David says he has recently tried some science fiction.

"My favorite topic for short stories," says David, "is the manner in which very young children react to certain predicaments which confront them."

David plans to study for his doctor's degree in physics, and then to do research.

was all about, a policeman came running up to the two belligerents. All right, he said, break it up. It was hot and his florid face was covered with sweat. The rain clouds hovered tantalizingly overhead. He was in no mood for an argument. The man with the carriage did not hear the policeman come up. It was only when the cop crashed his way between the two that the man released his grip on Carlie's twisted arm. The boy backed away rubbing his injured limb to restore circulation.

The book is mine, he explained; this guy tried to take it away from me.

The policeman was very angry. He threw the man savagely against the carriage and sent him sprawling face-downward to the ground. The precious collection of newspapers was scattered all over the sidewalk. Sobbing softly, the man stood up, his hand pressed against his bloody lips. The policeman applied handcuffs and dragged the stumbling man down the street. I could hear him cursing to himself and sometimes in harsher tones at the man.

For a few seconds Carlie stood looking at the two men. Then he picked up the coveted magazine and began to rummage through the accumulation of newspapers to see whether there might be something else of value among them.

Suddenly it began to rain. I dashed immediately into the house and looked out through the window. Carlie was gone and the newspapers were being torn to pieces by the driving down-pour. I remember the way the print ran together into a blur.

No doubt all the neighbors would soon hear about this, I was thinking. It was very appropriate that it had happened to Carlie because then they could all say, I can't understand why such a thing happened to Carlie. Imagine him being attacked by a brute like that. And it's a shame he picked on Carlie of all people because . . .

Well, you know. Carlie was a good boy. Everybody said so.

## I'M AN OLD TIMER

By Charlene Krohn

Heights H. S., Cleveland Heights, Ohio  
Teacher, Edith B. Malin

*If you think of yourself as belonging to the younger generation, hold on! Charlene Krohn may persuade you otherwise in this amusing short essay which has been entered in the 1953 Scholastic Writing Awards. . . .*

WHAT has become of those "good old days" when little brothers played Cowboys and Indians, when they hid behind imaginary rocks and shot at the bad guys, and when they rescued fair maidens from Indian raids? I am completely baffled by a strange new game which has taken the place of this pastime of a by-gone generation.

Left in charge of my two younger brothers for an afternoon, I suggested that we turn the living-room into a fort; the den into a hide-out; and the dining-room into Injun territory so that we might have an exciting game of Cowboys and Indians. Their bewildered expressions led me to believe that I had said something terribly wrong.

"Cowboys and Indians! That's baby stuff," stated George, aged nine.

"Yeah, baby stuff," parroted Richard, George's junior by three years.

I couldn't believe that the game which had always held such fascination for me was considered nothing but "baby stuff" by my own flesh and blood. I was hurt, but self-effacingly I agreed



Block print by Priscilla Lieu, Theodore Roosevelt H. S., Washington, D. C., won a place in show, in 1952 Art Awards.

LITERARY CAVALCADE

to play anything that they suggested. "Anything they suggested" turned out to be a game called "Space." For the next two hours we were "space" patrolmen on a mission to Mars trying to locate the "space" pirates who had stolen the secret formula for the latest "space" rocket. I learned many new things in that short time.

The sheriff's posse of the days of old seems to have been succeeded by the space patrol. No longer does the desperado jump onto his horse to make a get-away. He merely steps inside his rocket and "blasts" off. A cowhand who was considered "plumb loco" in cowboy vernacular has become a "space-happy cadet"; and "holy smoke" has been converted into "smokin' rockets!"

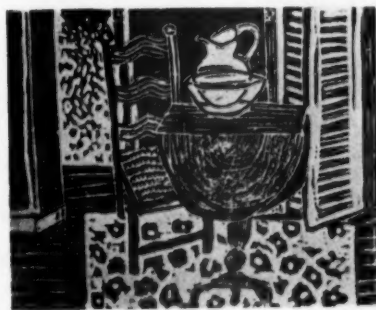
I hope it is not too late to change my outlook on life at the venerable age of seventeen. The time has come for us old-timers to pack away our cowboy hats and six-shooters. We must don our space helmets and ray guns, and prepare to "blast off" for this airborne age.

### On Listening to Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony

By Bob Springer

Santa Monica (Calif.) H. S.  
Teacher, Mr. A. L. Lazarus

Beautiful and ugly  
this music's like wind whining  
through white billowings of sail.  
Strong and ugly  
like the smell of hamburgers at Sea-  
side Joe's.  
Beautiful in the way it's put together  
like seaweed and water and wind.  
Ugly in its onion strength.  
It leaves you with a mixed-up feel-  
ing—  
terrible and beautiful as a falling  
star.



Block print by Frank Gunther, Woodlawn H. S., Birmingham, Ala., won a national award in 1952 Scholastic Art Awards.

## DAD'S SON

By David M. Bender

Mt. Lebanon H. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Teacher, Virginia A. Elliott

*David Bender's story won a Fourth Award in the 1952 Scholastic Writing Awards. The ingredients: a clownish father, a sensitive son, and a teen-ager's experience in acquiring tolerance and maturity. . . .*

I NEVER really hated my father. It was just, well—the way he walked, ate, and spoke that made me burn with disgust, and feel sick.

He wasn't like most fathers. He was always busy doing something or other, and he was always using the car when I wanted it. He didn't know about sports, except baseball, and he couldn't play even baseball well. He used poor English, like saying *ain't* and *set* all the time. He was always pulling off jokes at the wrong time, like piling up bread on people's plates when you wanted to be formal, and sticking his finger in other people's tea to see if it was hot or not. No, he wasn't like most fathers.

But I didn't pay much attention to him till I began to be compared with him. It was those old ladies that started it all. You'd see them standing at the market, or outside church, or on a street corner somewhere, and always gabbing—always gabbing. Old maids, that's what they were, Abigail Penthouse and Prunella Felse. They'd almost knock their big-brimmed hats off when they put their heads together to giggle and gab. Sometimes you'd see Prunella going to Abigail's house across the street. They'd sit in the living room and look out the window and just gab.

At first they always said, "Isn't he a nice boy" and "My, he's growing fast." I never cared much about that, but then I'd go past them and hear them say, "Isn't he just the image of his father?" and "My, you can just tell who he is by looking at him."

I'd glance at my reflection in the windows of the stores as I passed and think, "How could anyone think I looked like my father? I have freckles, he has a mustache and—other things. Those dames are crazy."

But I began to notice things, little things that I did—how I crossed my legs when I read the comics each evening, and how I wrote. I began to notice those things, and I wouldn't see myself doing them any more; I'd see him instead. It made me tense and jumpy. So I learned to write in a reverse slant like some of the kids in school did, and

I never crossed my legs now when I read the paper, but I'd spread them far out.

But Abigail and Prunella never stopped talking, and I'd always be thinking of new things I did like him—like the night I went up the street and Prunella came up to me and said, "Why, I wouldn't even have to see your face; I could tell it was you just by the way you walk. Like your father."

I shuddered to think I had missed something as big as that. So I practiced walking back and forth, throwing my whole body from side to side. I'd try, and practice and practice; but I failed; I knew I'd failed because as soon as I wouldn't think about it I'd be walking like him again.

I'd stay awake at night thinking about it. I'd shudder and feel licked. Then one night I found the solution: I was sure I'd found the solution.

I avoided him. I'd come home from school and eat early and then go out till dark. By that time he'd be out. He usually went out; he was always busy, visiting old friends or working on some committee for something or other.

But all the same the old ladies talked. In winter they went inside to talk. I could see them in the window as I'd pass by Abigail's house and I could feel their glances. I knew what they were saying; I knew what they were thinking.

Summer came, and with it the family vacation. Dad never believed in letting us kids go off to camp somewhere. "If we're going to have a vacation, we'll have it together!" That's what he believed, so that's what we always did.

I had always looked forward to vacations. It was a change of scenery and something to brag about when we got back. This vacation we were going to the small town where we used to live when I was little. This was both exciting and depressing. I could act the "big shot from the big city" to the "small town hicks" there, but also I'd have to put up with the "My, how you've grown!" routine. And there was always my father.

It seems the closer we got to Granville the more nervous I became. I wished I hadn't come. I could hardly remember anybody or anything anyway; I couldn't even remember the Thomasses with whom we were going to stay. But I could just about imagine



the way Father had imposed himself on them. A sinking feeling crept over me.

I didn't even want to belong to him any more, and I wished more and more that I was someone else's kid.

But then things started to happen, things that made me begin to wonder. First it was the plumber who stopped us when Pop tooted at him. He was a chubby old man about fifty, and slightly bald. He came over and slapped Pop on the back and said, "After all these years, you finally come back to pay us a visit, eh?"

He started to talk to Pop about the good old days and what great times they'd had. I opened the back car window. The warm summer breeze hit my face. Then I heard Pop laugh and say that we'd better be leaving. The plumber chuckled, "Okay, but be sure to pay us a visit while you're in town." Pop said we would.

Then we drove into the little red gas station on the main drag. Pop ordered gas and the attendant filled her up. When he came back for the money Pop asked, "How've you been doing?"

"Oh, pretty good, I guess," the attendant replied casually.

"Still got the old chicken farm down the road?"

At that the attendant looked real hard at Pop, curling up the wrinkles on his face. He exclaimed in surprise, "Well, if it isn't my old neighbors!" He wouldn't even let Pop pay for the gas and said, "I got the prettiest apples in the country on sale; here, I'll give you a bushel."

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas didn't seem to mind Pop slurping his tea when we had a midnight snack. They didn't even blink when he used *set* instead of *sit*, and Mr. Thomas had an M.A. degree. They just chatted and laughed, saying Dad was the same old guy that they had always known.

But most of all it was the dinner party Mr. and Mrs. Thomas gave for us that set me wondering. It seemed as if everyone was there—Pop's old professor, and the plumber, the gas station attendant and his family, all the old neighbors and relations, and a lot of kids my age, too. All day the air was rich with the smell of chicken and the stuffings.

The dinner started at seven but some came as early as five, bringing food along to help out. The place was really crowded. I was seated at the main table in the dining room with the rest of the family. Pop was seated at the head of the table, with Mom and the rest of us on one side and the professor, the plumber, and others on the other side.

I couldn't help admiring the professor as I looked at him. He was the picture of dignity with his black suit and black bow tie, and white goatee. Father asked him to say grace. We bowed our heads and he began a blessing. After the prayer was over, I heard a rustle at the head of the table and looked up. I gasped at what I saw. Pop had pushed the professor's soup plate under his head so that the end of his goatee was in the soup. I was horrified and humiliated. Why did Pop always have to show his ignorance?

I bowed my head again and was afraid to lift it up to look at the professor. There was dead silence. Then I looked up. The professor's face had turned a cherry red; noodles and soup dripped from his goatee; he tried to hold it out so it wouldn't touch his suit. Suddenly everyone began to laugh, even the old professor. All the people from the other rooms came in to see what had happened. They laughed too.

I shrank back into my seat; I couldn't see anything funny about it. Then I heard someone remark behind me, "Boy, I wish I had a father like that. Maybe things wouldn't be so dull at our house." That's when I really started to wonder.

Before the party was over, I had begun to feel important and pretty proud. I wasn't ashamed of the English he used any more because nobody else cared. I was pretty happy I had a dad who knew all these people and was the life of the party.

Now I don't mind those old ladies. I walk by store windows and look at my reflection and say, "Now, if you don't look like your old man!"

Then I laugh—because it sounds funny, and because I'm glad that I'm my dad's son.

## The Trampoline

**By Anne G. Morrison**  
The Cambridge School  
Cambridge, Mass.  
Teacher, S. Howe Derbyshire

*Anne Morrison wrote the following poem some time ago, and sent it in to us last month "just to see how we liked it." We liked it very much. You will want to read "The Trampoline" slowly in order to capture the half real, half unreal, dream-like quality of the poem.*

It's foggy now,

You can't really see where you are going.

You creep on with a sixth sense that tells you when you come to the edge of the ravine.



Keeping up with her many different interests, Anne Morrison leads an active life. In the Cambridge (Mass.) School, she's on the staff of the school magazine, *The Focus*. She also enjoys dramatics, and recently played the role of Viola in her school's production of *Twelfth Night*. Among

her favorite hobbies are music, reading, and dancing.

When summer comes around, Anne steps being a student and becomes a teacher. An enthusiastic horsewoman, she gives riding lessons in Middlebury, Vermont, where her family spends their vacations.

Upon graduating from high school, Anne plans to attend Radcliffe College and prepare to become an English teacher.

You wonder—are there trees at the bottom, or is it grassy?

You gingerly extend one foot, searching for a foothold.

It's smooth all the way to the bottom. A pebble falling from the edge sends up a tiny sound long minutes later.

The sky is darker now, the trees closing in around you.

The fog is spread out like a great pool in front of you, grey and inviting.

How nice it would be to fall, springing into the air again like a trampoline artist.

You laugh a little and try to shake the thought off.

You walk on a way. Here there are no trees and the pool looks deeper, more comforting.

You walk closer to the edge

Everything is silent,

You are tired.

For miles around there's nothing human.

Just you.

Step closer, only a foot to go now.

You look again—

You can already feel yourself sinking into a grey, formless sleep.

Was that a voice? You start and shudder.

You shake yourself back into reality; you step back from the void in front of you.

The voice comes again, a silver knife cutting the dread fog.

Now you remember.

You left her with the horses farther up on the hill.

You hurry back, slipping, sliding, and run to her.

Feebly joking away your long absence, you hurry her away.

You look back.

There's nothing to show that you were ever there—only an impenetrable grey wall, winding among the trees.

LITERARY CAVALCADE

By CARL SANDBURG

# Always the Young Strangers

*Excerpts from the autobiography of a great American: Moving  
memories of the days when the poet and the West were young*

Carl Sandburg is as American as the sun-baked plains of his native Illinois. As poet, biographer, story-teller, and singer of folk songs, he speaks to and for the people—the men and women of the fields and factories, mines and cities. He has known these people at first hand, and written about them vividly in his poems—Chicago Poems; Corn Huskers; Slabs of the Sunburnt West; The People, Yes.

Now Carl Sandburg has written the first volume of his autobiography and it is as much a story of a growing America as it is the story of his own growing years. He was the son of a Swedish immigrant who opened a blacksmith shop in the small town of Galesburg, Ill. He attended school irregularly (although he later worked his way through Lombard College in his home town) for he was helping to earn the family living. . . .

**T**HERE was the summer I was going to learn the potter's trade. East of Day Street, next to the Peoria tracks, stood a pottery that had been going a year or two. On the ground floor were the turners. You had to be a real potter, who had learned his trade, to be a turner.

You had a "ball pounder" working for you, next to you at the bench. The ball pounder—that was me—put on a wooden scale and weighed enough clay to make a jug. I would throw this clay on the bench. I wouldn't touch it with my fingers—fingers wouldn't give it the lift needed to carry it in the air and bring it down and cut it in two across a wire. It was quite a trick to learn how to brace your wrists and throw the

lower half of the palms of the hands into the clay and raise it and then cut it in two across the wire.

I was warned that my wrists would be sore for a week or two, and they were. They ached and burned at times so I couldn't sleep at night. But after ten days the soreness was over and I could talk to the other ball pounders like I was one of them.

The "ball" you pounded out to a finish was cake-shaped, its size depending on the size of the jug to come. The turner threw it on a turning iron disk, sprinkled water on it, guided it with a hand scraper, and built it up into a jug. Then he stopped the turning disk and slicked out a handle that he smoothed onto the jug.

Next, with my hands careful, I moved the jug off the disk and put it on a near-by rack to dry a little and then go for baking to a dome-shaped kiln outside the main building.

The turners were a gay lot who had worked in Eastern potteries and in Posey County, Indiana. They roared their private jokes about the kind of potters who learned their trade in Posey County. On the second floor were the molders, who didn't class up with the turners. They threw the clay into plaster-of-Paris molds on a turning wheel, scraped the inside of the crock jar, and the mold and the wheel did the rest.

One morning I went down to breakfast to hear that the pottery had burned down in the night. I went out and walked around the smoking walls to see the fire had made a clean sweep of it. It was easy to decide I wouldn't be a potter.

## Water Boy

On the main road running past the end of Lake George was a steep hill where the trolley-car motormen put on

the brakes and watched close going down the hill. On the uphill trip it was slow and hard going. So they graded the hill. Men drove mule teams with scrapers, one man driving the mules, another man walking between the handles of the scraper, and when the big shovel of the scraper filled up they turned around and dumped it lower down the hill. They went on with this till the hill was a long nice slope and not a hill at all.

I was interested because I was a water boy on this job for three weeks in hot summer weather. I carried two buckets of water from a pump a hundred yards away, two tin cups for each bucket. Some of the men called me "sonny," and it was, "This way, sonny," and "I can stand some of that, sonny," and "You come to the right man, sonny."

Then between-times the mules had to have water. I would rather have been just water boy to the men and not to the mules. A mule would often drink nearly a whole pail of water. It was a hundred yards to where I could get another and the mules had no way of calling me "sonny." I remembered about camels going days without water and I wished I could change the mules into camels.

One summer, I worked for Mr. Winfield Scott Cowan, who ran the boat-house and refreshment stand at Lake George near where the trolley cars stopped. Mr. Cowan was a medium-sized man with a dark-brown mustache and he knew how the business should be run, down to such fine points that nearly always he was worrying about this or that not going to come out right. If anything went wrong he acted as though something else was going to go wrong pretty soon.

My job was to let rowboats to people

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who would pay twenty-five cents an hour to sit in a boat and handle the oars or watch the scenery or talk to the women or girls in the boat. I would give them the oars, help them pick a boat, and help them shove off. I had charge of the refreshments and sold ice cream and cake or cookies, pop, ginger ale, and a line of candies.

It didn't come hard to leave Mr. Winfield Scott Cowan at the end of the season, him and his worrying. . . .

#### Ice Harvest

Two weeks of ice harvest on Lake George came one January, the thermometer from zero to fifteen above. I walked from home six blocks to catch a streetcar that ran the mile and a half out to the lake. The night gang worked from seven at night till six in the morning with an hour off at midnight.

The ice was twelve to eighteen inches thick. Men had been over it with teams pulling ice cutters. In the first week on the job I was a "floater." Rafts of ice about fifteen feet long and ten feet wide had been cut loose. The floater

stood on a raft and pushing a pronged pole he propelled the raft and himself to the chutes at the big ice-house. There the ice was broken into blocks or cakes, and a belt carried them up where they were stood in rows with sawdust sprinkled between to hold them cold till summer and warm weather.

I had overshoes and warm clothes and enjoyed the work, though I was tired along about daybreak. The air was crisp. You could see a fine sky of stars any time you looked up, sometimes a shooting star and films of frost sparkles. The other floaters were good fellows and we hollered to each other over the dark water our warnings that if you fell in the water you'd find it cold.

At midnight we went up a slope to the Soangetaha Clubhouse of the bon ton\*. On the porch, away from the windy side and out of any cold wind blowing, we ate what we had carried out in paper bags. My mother fixed me porkchop and bacon sandwiches or roast beef with pickles, doughnuts, and

\*Fashionable society.

a small bottle of coffee. It was a cold meal but I wolfed every mouthful and tasted it to the limit.

I had never had a night job that kept me till the sun came up. That week I got acquainted with a little of what goes on over the night sky, how the Big Dipper moves, how the spread of the stars early in the night keeps on with slow changes into something else all night long. I did my wondering about how that spread of changing stars was made, how long it took to make, how long it could last, and how little any one of us is standing and looking up at it.

The second week I was taken off as a floater and put in the ice-house, where a dozen or so of us worked on a footing of blocks or cakes of ice, the chute feeding us more cakes of ice. Each cake was about three feet long, two feet wide, and a foot thick. We threw our iron tongs into the end of a cake and then rassed and wrangled it to where it stood even with a row of other cakes.

Heavy work—it had your back and shoulder muscles pulling and hauling

## The Boy Who Grew Up in Galesburg

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Pulitzer-Prize-winning playwright and novelist

AT the risk of being convicted of hyperbole—the blackest crime in the reviewers' code—I feel compelled to put my neck in the noose with the statement that *Always the Young Strangers* is, to me, the best autobiography ever written by an American. I am not forgetting Benjamin Franklin or Henry Adams, nor showing them disrespect. Carl Sandburg's life would hardly have been possible—not at any rate as he lived it and now writes it—had it not been for Ben Franklin and the Adams family, among others.

The primary virtue of this book is its utter honesty. Sandburg seems to have written it not for the enlightenment or entertainment of others, but for his own inward satisfaction; he is totting up his own accounts against the day when inspection of them will be demanded by Higher Authority.

He knows that such Authority needs no lie detector and requires simplicity as well as truth. I believe that the reader will appreciate this—however different his age, background and general circumstances from Sandburg's—because he will discover and happily recognize many dimly remembered aspects of himself, his family, his friends and his dreams.

Sandburg gives you the sense that all the thinking he ever did resulted in cheerfulness. That admittedly is not the universal experience of adolescence; but that is the way it should be.

His title comes from one of his own poems in which he expressed faith that in this country "the new people, the young strangers" are always coming from the ends of the street. (Sandburg's parents emigrated from Sweden.)

Reprinted from the *New York Times Book Review*.

This book might have been called *The Prairie Years* had its author not used that title on another memorable work.

Sandburg was born "on a cornhusk mattress" in a three-room frame house a few steps east of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad tracks in Galesburg, Ill. Galesburg was and still is an industrial town set in the prairie farmland, an important division point where the tracks of the "Q" line and the Santa Fe met briefly, then went their separate ways westward.

But Sandburg was 16 before he ever rode on a railroad train, traveling fifty miles to see the State Fair at Peoria and return. Later he made a three-day trip to Chicago for a total cost of \$1.50—dinner at Pittsburgh Joe's on Van Buren near Clark Street was "a large bowl of meat stew, all the bread you wanted, and coffee," all for 10 cents.

When the author of *The People, Yes* [a book-length poem] was 19 he saw his first mountain, having bummed his way as a hobo as far as Canyon City, Colo., and the following year, after the blowing up of U. S. S. *Maine* in Havana Harbor, he joined the army and saw New York City and Washington and the island of Puerto Rico, where he endured considerable hardship and sweating and lice but fired no shots in anger. When he was returned home, although there was then no G. I. Bill of Rights, he was given free tuition for a year at Galesburg's Lombard College. This was for him the beginning of formal education; since boyhood he had worked hard to help his family earn a living and had no time for school.

At this point in Sandburg's life *Always the Young Strangers* ends, after more than 400 pages that overflow with love for his people, his country, the good earth on which his God had planted him.





like a mule. I had never before felt so sure that what I was doing could be done better somehow by mules or machines. I went home the first morning with muscles from ankles to neck sore and aching. I ate breakfast, went to bed right away, and lay abed trying to coax myself to sleep. But muscles would twitch and give signals and it was past noon before I went to sleep. Then three or four times I suddenly came awake and the muscles kept singing. When my mother woke me and said, "It's time to go to work," I was just beginning to sleep, it seemed. To get out of bed and into my clothes I had to slowly unwind myself, leg, back, and shoulder muscles stiff and sore.

The second night of clamping the tongs into those ice oblongs, dragging them twenty or thirty feet, setting them on end, getting back to the chute bottom where they kept sliding down and piling up—the second night was worse. Sometimes the tongs slipped and you hooked a new hold. Or your feet slipped on the ice underfoot. Or the ice slipped and slid because the ice cake you set it on had a slant and you had to call for sawdust on it.

#### Slide Into It, Sandburg

I would try for a rest by walking slow back to the chute. If I tried for a rest standing still for two or three minutes, the foreman would come along, a quiet man saying in a voice that just carried over the noise of the rattling chute and the hustling men, "Better slide into it, Sandburg." If he had bawled it at me or snarled it, I would have quit the job on the spot. He remembered my name and I wasn't just a number, I was a person. And he said "Better slide into it" nearly like my mother waking me out of sleep to go to work. I had respect for him and hoped sometimes I could be a foreman and act and talk quiet like him.

I didn't weigh much more than a hundred and fifteen pounds and each cake of ice weighed nearly as much as I did. I dragged and slipped and kept hauling away at my own weight all night long. Near daybreak I thought to myself, "Come seven o'clock and I'll tell 'em I'm quitting."

I stood still thinking about it and getting a rest when the foreman came along. "Better slide into it, Sandburg. You know there's only a few more days on this job. I think we'll be through this week." And that gave me a different feeling. I went home, slept better, and the muscles all around weren't as stiff. I lasted the week through, and at a dollar and twenty-five cents pay a night I had earned higher wages than in any work before. One thing I noticed. I hustled a little too much. Most of the other men on the job had been railroad

section hands, ditch-diggers, pick-and-shovel men, and they knew what my father sometimes reminded me of on a piece of work, "Take your time, Sholly." They worked with a slow and easy swing I hadn't learned.

Most of that week my sleep was restless. Those back and shoulder muscles would begin singing, "Wake up now and talk to us a little and think about us." I'm sure, too, that the rush and excitement of the work—ten hours straight with only that midnight hour to stop and rest, always expected to keep up your end—did something to my nerves and mind.

One afternoon I was sleeping good and I had a dream. The house was on fire. I could smell the smoke. I woke out of my sleep. But in my waking I was still under the spell of that dream. I jumped out of bed, didn't stop to put on my clothes. I rushed down to the kitchen and cried to my mother, "The house is on fire! We've got to do something!" She turned from kneading a roll of dough and smiled. "No, everything is all right, Charlie. You go back to sleep."

Then I came really awake. I couldn't smell the smoke I had smelled in bed upstairs. I saw there wasn't any fire. I said, "Mamma, that dream fooled me." She said, "I know about it. I've had dreams fool me." She could say a blessing with her smile. I went back to bed and slept good again.

I thought of my ice-harvest days one year in May when the Glenwood Ice Company, the one I worked for, had big ads in the newspapers. There had been warm weather in May, and suddenly came a cold spell and you needed your overcoat again. The ads were asking how it had come to happen that such cold was sweeping over the town. And they would like to tell the public that it just happened because somebody had opened the doors of the big ice-house of the Glenwood Ice Company and let out the cold of their wonderful ice.

These clever ads were the first work of the Knox College student Ernest Elmo Calkins. He was practicing. He went to New York later and made a big name and money in advertising. More than that, he wrote a book, *They Broke the Prairie*, one of the most interesting histories ever written about a small American town, telling how they settled Galesburg in 1837 and what happened to the town over the next hundred years.

When I met him we talked about our old days with the Glenwood Ice Company, the main ice company in Galesburg for many years. It folded and faded when the Weinberg brothers, across the tracks from the Q. depot, started the Galesburg Artificial Ice

Company and made and sold ice cheaper and better. Then came the electric refrigerators, and they drove the artificial ice out of business. And when winter comes now there are no ice-houses where men and boys hook tongs into ice cakes and set them up in rows and sprinkle sawdust between.

#### Cigarette Biographies

(In another chapter, Carl Sandburg—who is the winner of a Pulitzer Prize for his four-volume biography of Lincoln—tells us about the first biographies he read as a boy.)

The first biography I owned was of a size I could put in any one of my four vest pockets. I didn't buy it. I found it and said, "Finders keepers!"

I was going along to the Seventh Ward school when I saw it on a sidewalk on Seminary Street near Second, about two blocks from the house where I was born. I picked it up from the wooden board where it had been rained on. I brushed the dirt off and smoothed it where the top corner had been scorched. When I measured it later it was two and three-fourths inches long and one and one-half inches wide. The front cover had gloss paper and a color picture of the head and shoulders of a two-star general in a Confederate gray uniform.

The title read *A Short History of General P. T. Beauregard*. I turned to the back cover and saw two soldiers, one sitting on a stretcher, the other standing and aiming a rifle at someone off somewhere. The color of their uniforms was halfway and I couldn't be sure whether they were Confederate or Union. Down below I made out the Stars and Bars, the Confederate flag. Inside the front cover I saw "Facsimile Signature" and the exact way he wrote his name "G. T. Beauregard" and under it his rank, "Gen. Comd." (the General Commanding).

I could see he was a fancy writer. He made scrolls and windings like you see on wallpaper or like a skater cutting the figure eight. You could tell he wasn't in a hurry when he signed his name and he wanted it to stand out that he was the general commanding.

On the title page opposite I got his full name and how to spell it: General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard. After a blank page came thirteen pages of reading in fine print. Inside the back cover was a list of a "Series of Small Books," histories of Civil War generals, fifty of them, starting with Banks, Beauregard, and Bragg and running through to the last three, Sigel, Smith, and Stuart, with a notice of "other series in preparation." And here you learned how to get these books. It said "Packed in Duke's Cigarettes." The

more packages of Duke's Cigarettes you bought the more histories you would have. If you bought enough packages and read all the histories, you would know a lot about the Civil War generals.

I couldn't think about buying first one ten-cent package of Duke's Cameo or Duke's Cross-Cut cigarettes, and then more and more of those ten-cent packages, for the sake of filling my vest pockets with histories, nice as they were. For one thing cigarettes had a bad name among us kids. We believed only "dudes" and "softies" smoked them. We had a name for cigarettes—"coffin nails." Every one you smoked was another nail in your coffin.

I scouted around and found three men who bought and smoked Duke's Cigarettes "once in a while for a change." One of them was saving the little books for himself. The other two saved them for me. One of them said, "What on earth do you want of those little fool books? I been throwin' 'em away. But if you want 'em I'll keep 'em for you. There won't be many. I buy only one pack a month."

The months went by and after a while I had the histories of Beauregard, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Sarah Bernhardt, *The Life of T. De Witt Talmage*, and the lives of George Peabody, James B. Eads, Horace B. Chaffin, and Robert Ingersoll.

They changed from *History of to Life of*. In their lives of "poor boys who have become rich" the list had fifty, starting with Russell A. Alger, Mary Anderson, John Jacob Astor, Jake Kilrain, and ending with Vanderbilt, Wanamaker, Whittier. I couldn't see where Mary Anderson was a poor boy who had become rich nor how Jake Kilrain after John L. Sullivan's knockout of him was on the way to being rich.

### A Bargain

In the list I noticed John Ericsson, inventor of the *Monitor*, the Swede who helped the North win the war. I tried but couldn't scare up a copy of the John Ericsson. A Swede boy pulled one out of his vest pocket one day and grinned at me. He knew I wanted it. I offered him a penny for it and went as high as a nickel and he shook his head. Then he let me borrow it to read and I let him borrow my Sarah Bernhardt. He had heard she kept a coffin in her bedroom and liked to stretch out in it to rest. I showed him where the book told about that and what kind of a woman she was. "They say she is the world's greatest actress," I told him, and then read to him from the book, how "she recites her lines as the nightingale sings, as the wind sighs, as the waters murmur."

"Gee, I'd like to hear her," said the Swede boy.

The Beauregard book began with a little poem that made me expect he must be one of the greatest generals that ever lived:

There is a page in the book of fame,  
On it is written a single name  
In letters of gold, on spotless white  
Encircled with stars of quenchless light;  
Never a blot that page hath marred,  
And the star-wreathed name is BEAUREGARD.

After reading the book I felt the poem went too far. The book made him out a just fair-to-middling general and a good deal of an actor and said the Confederate President Jefferson Davis took it on himself one time "to encourage the report in Richmond that he [BEAUREGARD] had become insane, and was no longer fit for a command." So I was left in the air and could only think either that Jeff Davis was a liar or Beauregard had gone crazy, and if so then the poem was wrong about no blot "hath marred" his "star-wreathed name."

I read each of my vest-pocket books at least once and went back to favorite spots in them. I believed more than half of what I read, mostly I suppose because they hardly ever said one thing on one page and the opposite on another page. I was sure that Cornelius Vanderbilt was the second-born of nine children and his birthday was in May, 1794, though they didn't put in which day in May, 1794, and that was a sign they didn't have a Family Bible where you could tell when each of the nine children came into the world and first saw the light of day.

The first sentences in the book said it is good to be born poor and to be born on a farm:

America, the land of self-made men—the one country in the world where it is possible for a man to rise by his own effort from obscurity and poverty not only to the highest place in society, but to the more courted rank of millionaire as well—has witnessed no more remarkable career than that of Commodore Vanderbilt. Some one has aptly said: "Scratch a New York millionaire and you will find a farm-boy underneath."

I read how the boy's father "speculated," lost his money and was going to lose his farm. Then the mother, "a woman of rare qualities," climbed up to an old Dutch clock and brought out three thousand dollars in cold cash, "the careful hoardings of years," and saved the farm.

From his mother he learned how to be careful and how to hoard, when it paid. He married at nineteen "his fair cousin, Sophia Johnson," began buying steamboats, went in for shipping, and was making plenty of money. I was interested where the book said:

While he was laying such sure foundations for the enormous wealth that afterward came to him, it is said he had certain radical socialistic ideas, among others that "no man ought ever to be worth more than twenty thousand dollars." He then regarded John Jacob Astor as a "dangerous monopolist"; yet after leaving the command of his little steamboat Captain Vanderbilt made thirty thousand dollars a year for the first five years, then doubled it in 1836. Before he had reached his prime the Commodore was worth half a million. When the gold fever broke out in California in 1849, he opened his famous Nicaraguan route to the Pacific. From the latter venture alone he confessed to having made a million dollars a year for a time.

He went into railroad buying and building and speculating in railroad stock. The country read how in one deal alone he cleaned up two millions. I was getting more clear on why men and boys, when asked to lend a dollar or a nickel, would sometimes say, "Who do you think I am? Vanderbilt?"

### Foolish Miss

On the back of another book was a bare-shouldered woman worth looking at, and she held a shining green wreath and a banner that read above her "Charity" and below, "George Peabody, Philanthropist."

It was what we called a "jawbreaker," the word "philanthropist," but the book made it clear. "During his long life he not only gave away millions of dollars but he placed his great wealth where it would do the most good." After making one fortune in America in the grocery and dry-goods business he went to London as a banker and made a bigger fortune.

For all of his money he didn't marry and the book said: "The story is told that a young American girl who had refused him in the day when money was scarce married one of his friends, whereupon Peabody resolved to remain single—a resolve which he faithfully kept." I wanted to know more about that girl and how her husband did by her and what they talked about when George Peabody threw a million dollars to Baltimore for a free library, lecture hall, academy of music, and an art gallery—and later when he put three millions into tearing away tumbledown shanties in the London shums and building brick houses with a little grass around for children to play on—and later when he put another three million dollars into better schools for the Negro children of the South.

The Queen of England wanted to give Peabody a title. He thanked her, said he could get along without it, and went home to Baltimore, where twenty thousand children met him and waved their hands and their handkerchiefs and he said, "Never have I seen a more



## Grass

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.  
Shovel them under and let me work—

I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg  
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.  
Shovel them under and let me work.

Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor:  
What place is this?  
Where are we now?

I am the grass.  
Let me work.

- Carl Sandburg

beautiful sight." I wondered if the girl who had refused him was anywhere among the thousands of grownups looking on. On the front cover Mr. Peabody's white hair fell over his ears, and with his white side whiskers he reminded me of one of our Lutheran deacons.

Horace B. Claflin was the only one on a front cover who had his hat on. The back cover showed men tussling with big boxes marked "Dry Goods" and a horse team with a dray waiting to be loaded.

I learned that Mr. Claflin was the greatest man in America in the dry-goods field in his time, and during the Civil War in one year his sales ran to seventy-six million dollars. He was born in a poor family in Milford, Massachusetts, and when his father said he ought to go to college and learn Latin and Greek he said he was going to be a merchant and the Latin and Greek would be wasted.

### Steamboats

The *Life of James B. Eads* was a little better, though not much. On page five it said, "He acquired a large amount of information on civil engineering and other subjects of the kind." Anybody would know that without being told. He invented and built iron-clad gunboats to fight the Confederates on the Mississippi River, and he built the famous bridge across the Mississippi River at St. Louis and did other fine things where he needed more than "a large amount of information." The best of the book was a picture on the back cover of the St. Louis bridge and three steamboats, one of them with smokestacks pouring smoke.

The *Life of Robert Green Ingersoll* I read up, down, and across five times and more. I had heard that Ingersoll was a "free thinker" and was against the churches and didn't believe in God. His home was Peoria, only fifty miles from Galesburg, where he was a lawyer

and would go out and give lectures. He had come to Galesburg and lectured but I didn't have the fifty cents to get in. He had a wonderful voice and they said he was "a wizard with words." When my mother said with a sad face, "He is a bad man and is doing the work of Satan," I didn't care so much to go and hear him even if I had the fifty cents.

Reading this little book about Ingersoll, I came to see why, although he was a free thinker and made fun of the Bible, he had many friends even among the church people. He had been a Democrat before the Civil War, turned Republican when Lincoln called for soldiers, helped raise a regiment of cavalry, and after a year of hard fighting in Tennessee he was taken prisoner along with hundreds of his men. He became famous as a campaign speaker for the Republicans.

Half of the book about Ingersoll was taken from his speeches. I was begin-

ning to understand why Chauncey M. Depew, the famous after-dinner speaker, had said that Ingersoll was "the greatest living orator and one of the great controversialists of the age." I looked up "controversialist" and found that if you are a good one you are hard to beat in an argument.

### Personal Appearance

I tried to get my head around some of Ingersoll's sayings. "Every schoolhouse is a cathedral in my religion." "Dignity is a mask some people wear to keep you from finding out how little they know." I could see that somehow I would go on and read more of Ingersoll. I wondered whether he would come again to Galesburg and I would get to hear him.

He did come and I did see and hear him in a tent on the Knox campus in 1896 on a cold October night. He spent an hour saying the Gold Standard was correct and right and Free Silver was all wrong. I thought it wasn't much of a speech, even if he did have a rich warm voice with music in it. I had by then read several of his lectures and I would have walked miles to hear his rolling, swinging words about Shakespeare or Burns.

The last of the vest-pocket books I got hold of was the *Life of T. De Witt Talmage*. The way it was spread on right at the start made you curious: "When the future historian shall engrave on the Tablet of Fame the men and events which made the nineteenth century famous, a figure of unique personality will loom up before him in Brooklyn's far-famed preacher, Thomas De Witt Talmage. Scarcely a man occupies today a more conspicuous position before the American public than does this famous pulpiteer."

I read this twice and said to myself, Where have I been? How have I missed reading or hearing about this man whose name future historians will engrave on the Tablet of Fame? I will read on. I will learn what a pulpiteer is. I have read what a charioteer is. Now I'll get a line on a pulpiteer. And maybe there will be more about the Tablet of Fame, how it looks and where the historians keep it.

Something like that ran through my little noggin. And next I read:

The utterances of no American reach a wider or greater audience than do his. With his sermons published weekly in over three hundred American newspapers, and in over thirteen different languages of the world, covering the nations of Germany, France, Great Britain, Holland, Russia, and reaching to far-distant Poland, it may be truly said that the man has the world for his audience.

I didn't believe I was especially

bright to notice that he wasn't reaching Asia and Africa and the yellow and black peoples weren't reading his sermons. But he was reaching the countries with white people, though here and there he was missing a few of them and I was one until now this book about Mr. Talmage was in my hands.

I was sure, as I read on, that I would like to go to Brooklyn and hear him preach. The book made him out a powerful speaker. He filled his church. Six thousand came every Sunday and got seats to hear him, and hundreds who came late couldn't get in.

Talmage was born on a farm near Bound Brook, New Jersey, studied law, and turned to preaching. He had a church in Brooklyn, New Jersey, then in Syracuse and Philadelphia, then in Brooklyn, where he had to build big and bigger churches to hold the crowds that came. When at last he had seats for six thousand people to hear him, there were Sundays when one thousand people who came late had to be turned away and go somewhere else without hearing the great Talmage.

I could see some of them getting home and saying, "We just couldn't get in. The place was jam-packed." He went to England for a rest, but they made him preach and the London police had to shush the crowds away that couldn't get in.

He came home in September 1885 and his ship was met by two big excursion steamers filled with people cheering him. And at his church after six thousand people had seats, there were over fifteen thousand outside crying to get in. The police had to be called to keep order. The big pipe organ played "Hail to the Chief." The book said "the scene beggared description."

He was yet to go farther. "The zenith of his fame is not yet reached." I said I must read some of his sermons after reading "No man today is more caricatured or criticized." I looked up the words and found that when you caricature you poke fun and when you criticize you find fault. But the book didn't tell what there was in him to poke fun at nor what faults they said he had.

### Vest-pocket Library

So there was my vest-pocket library of biography and history. There were days I carried the eight books, four in the upper right-hand-vest pocket and four in the upper left. They had brought me closer to eight famous persons who were still strangers to me. I looked at them from a long ways off. I wouldn't know what to say if one of them patted me on the head and said, "How are you, bub?"

If it was George Peabody I might say, "You sure gave away a lot of

money where it did good, didn't you?" though I doubt it. If it was Robert Ingersoll I could say, "My father always votes the Republican ticket," though I might find my tongue stuck against the upper teeth and run away.

Sarah Bernhardt was too far off over in Paris for me to think about meeting her. She was the flashiest woman I ever read about and I would rather read about her than meet her. But many years later I did see her in the Auditorium in Chicago in a play called *Camille*. I heard a man say she had lost a leg and was acting with a wooden leg and another man say it wasn't a wooden leg but "the best artificial limb that money could buy."

I was proud in a sneaking foolish way about my vest-pocket library. It was so handy and could be hid so easy. I didn't tell anyone I was proud. That was my secret. I had books I didn't have to take back to the Seventh Ward school or the Public Library. I was a book-owner but it wouldn't do to talk about it.

• • •

Often in the 1890's I would get to thinking about what a young prairie town Galesburg was—nearly two thousand people, and they had all come in fifty years. Before that it was empty rolling prairie. And I would ask: Why did they come? Why couldn't they get along where they had started from? Was Galesburg any different from the many other towns, some bigger and some smaller? Did I know America, the United States, because of what I knew about Galesburg?

### What Is America?

In Sweden all the people in a town were Swedes. In England they were all English, and in Ireland all Irish. But here in Galesburg we had a few from everywhere. What was to come of it all? It didn't bother me nor keep me awake nights but I couldn't help thinking about it and asking: What is this America I am a part of, where I will soon be a full citizen and a voter? All of us are living under the American flag, the Stars and Stripes—what does it mean? Men have died for it—why? When they say it is a free country, they mean free for what and free for whom, and what is freedom?

I said I would listen and read and ask and maybe I would learn. By guessing and hoping and reaching out I might get a hold on some of the answers. Those questions in those words may not have run through my mind yet they ran in my blood. Dark and tangled they were to run in my blood for many years. To some of the questions I would across the years get only half-answers, mystery answers.



## Letter Box

### Shakespeare Borrowed

Dear Editor:

Today I read in the newspapers about a teen-age girl who won a national essay contest. This girl had already been awarded her prize and a free trip to Washington when somebody discovered that several parts of her essay were copied from a magazine.

It seems this girl was honestly confused about what "original" writing is. She thought that it was all right to use someone else's material, if she had written other parts of the essay herself.

I think that this unfortunate incident shows that our schools ought to hit the problem of plagiarism head-on. The definition of plagiarism isn't simple, of course. Shakespeare borrowed a lot of his plots from other writers; many other writers were indebted to others for their subject-matter and style. Still, there's a line that can be drawn between literary imitation and literary "theft." I personally think that where and how that line should be drawn is a problem that schools ought to deal with.



I've noticed that "Cavalcade Firsts" and the Scholastic Writing Awards require a teacher's signature, guaranteeing the originality of all contributions. This protects you and your student contributors from being embarrassed. But this precaution is only a safety-measure, and doesn't attack the question of plagiarism from the grass roots.

If *Literary Cavalcade* published an article that discussed the nature of plagiarism, I think it would be a swell idea. Such an article would be a good starting-point for classroom discussions.

Roger Reardon  
Dallas, Texas

### Mountain-climbing

Dear Editor:

Your March excerpt of the book *The Butcher* gave me an idea. This book tells about a mountain-climbing vacation of a group of Harvard students.

Other high school and college students must do unusual things with their vacations. I think your readers would enjoy an article telling about unusual vacations which young people have spent. It would give us some good suggestions about how to spend our own vacations.

Tracy Corrigan  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### Science Fiction Is Here to Stay

Dear Editor:

Our English class has been reading your magazine, and here are some suggestions for improving it:

I think science fiction would help to draw interest. Science fiction has come into its own; it is in demand. Let's have some science fiction in your magazine!

Also, I think you should drop the stories about some poor woman who has gone insane because of some little incident. I don't believe life goes the way the play "Trifles" did. From time to time you have a story like this. I do not care for this type of literature.

Joseph Mayersat  
Superior, Wisconsin

(Thanks for your comments, Joseph—and thanks also to your classmates who sent their suggestions to us.—Ed.)

### Archeologist

Dear Editor:

I just want to thank you very much for the article "Gods, Graves, and Scholars." Being an avid student of these things, I really appreciated it. The article was in the November, 1952, issue. When my Latin teacher mentioned it, I was really glad to read it.

Jim Profant  
Washington H. S.  
Massillon, Ohio

### No Whispering

Dear Editor:

I have been enjoying *Literary Cavalcade* for several years, and each copy is an improvement over the previous one. I enjoyed particularly "The Hand That Touched Lincoln" in the February issue, and "The Most Dangerous Game" in the March issue.

Very often *Literary Cavalcade* presents interesting excerpts from current books. I think your excerpts sometimes do not stress the main idea of the book, however. In particular, I refer to Anne Frank's *Diary of a Young Girl*. Anne's life in her hide-out was very inspiring. Speaking above a whisper was dangerous because of the possibility of being discovered. What Anne thought of herself and the people she had to live with was important. It seems to me that an excerpt may not give an adequate account of a book. To avoid this, I offer a suggestion. Have book reviews! A book review can give the over-all idea of the plot and encourage the reader to read the entire book.

Aside from this, I enjoy almost everything *Cavalcade* prints. I like the choice and variety you use. I am looking forward to many more delightful hours spent with your magazine.

Lynne Altwerger  
New York, N. Y.

LITERARY CAVALCADE



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12	B506		34	Pma76	
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14	L125		36	AM36	
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16	P332		38	Y38	
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# Chucklebait



**W**ILL ROGERS was once asked by Arthur Mayer what persuaded him to leave his immensely successful stage career for the uncertainties of the movies. Rogers drawled, "Pictures are the only business where you can sit out front and applaud yourself."

Chances are you have never heard of Arthur Mayer. But he is the author of a book about the fabulous motion picture business. The title of the book is *Merely Colossal*. The book is not about Hollywood, however. It tells the story of motion picture theatres and about their rise from nickelodeons to palaces. Mr. Mayer is part of this world and his story is told with wit and anecdotes. Here are a few of the many stories he tells:

## Smoke Signals

As Oscar Wilde or Groucho Marx or somebody once pointed out, nature has a habit of imitating art, and by the same token, movies have frequently served to instruct people in the customs attributed to them. For instance, when Edmund Grainger was producing the film *The Fabulous Texans*, he employed some Indians from a reservation to act as experts to see that the smoke signals called for by the script were thoroughly authentic. On the completion of the picture, Grainger warmly congratulated them on their fine supervision. "It was easy," one of the Indians answered. "We learned how to do it from the movies."

• • •

Another similar incident occurred a few years ago when the representatives of M-G-M arrived in the Belgian Congo to arrange for the screening of *King Solomon's Mines*. They were distressed to discover that the tall Watusi tribesmen were quite hep. They wore sports shirts and tennis shoes and plastered their hair down like city slickers. Hasty long-distance conferences with Hollywood ensued and eventually two hundred wigs with the proper African hairdo were rapidly manufactured and shipped by plane.

## Power of Words

Writing of the world of the movie press agent—a world



By Taylor In Best Cartoons From Punch published by Simon & Schuster  
"Usual guff about a bearded stranger."

in which he too once played a part—Mr. Mayer tells this story:

Charlie Washburn, the noted Broadway press agent, worked as a carnival publicist in his early days and one night when the barker for The Great Fearless failed to show up, Charlie substituted for him. The Great Fearless was a daredevil motorcycle rider, who, until the night Charlie took over, had always lived up to his billing. Charlie filled his new assignment as barker with such ringing phrases as "Should this man live," "Death-defying," "Few have survived," "Hair-raising terror at every turn," and "Death rides with him tonight." Listening to Charlie's pitch, Fearless got so scared he refused to go on.

Clearly, there is something to be said for adjectives—if you don't trip over them.

## No Dogs Allowed

So much for Mr. Mayer's stories. Here are a few we've picked up elsewhere:

The first concerns criticism and critics, of which there are many, although nobody has ever erected a statue to a critic.

Seems that the concert hall in a certain city had a sign in its lobby. The message read: "Taking dogs into this theatre is prohibited."

One day a very "advanced" piece of modern music was performed for the first time. Audiences left the concert hall somewhat bewildered, wondering what the music was all about and why they couldn't understand it. They were heartened to find that somebody had written below the sign in the lobby:

"By order of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

• • •

Speaking of animals, there was once a candidate for the state legislature in a farming community who during a campaign speech told his constituents that they ought to grow more wheat.

"How about hay?" yelled a heckler who had been making life miserable for the candidate.

"I'm talking about food for human beings now," retorted the candidate, "but I'll get around to your case in a minute."

• • •

Speaking of hecklers, there is the story of the amateur theatre group that gave a performance of *Hamlet*. Next morning the local paper carried the following review:

"Last night all the drama lovers of our town gathered to witness a performance of *Hamlet*. There has been considerable discussion as to whether the play was written by Shakespeare or Bacon. All doubt can be now set at rest. Let their graves be opened. The one who turned over last night is the author."

Literary Cavalcade subscriptions for next term may be entered now

# Teaching Suggestions for This Issue

## What to Look for in This Month's Issue . . .

### Short Short Story

"Overboard," by Lt. Chester Posey (p. 3)

In some countries, and in some cultures, human life is cheap. Not so in the United States—as this exciting story about a "man overboard" indicates.

### Humor

"The White Sweater," by Theresa Oakes (p. 5)

One moment a girl's interests center about books and sports and hobbies—then, in what seems a moment later, she is catapulted into the new world of womanhood. The amusing and poignant effects of this sudden change, as seen through the experience of the heroine of this story, will strike a responsive chord with teen-age readers. And as "food for thought," the author suggests that this period of change in a young person's life is a period of adjustment for parents as well.

### Short Story

"The Iron Box," by John Savage (p. 8)

An intriguing suspense story—authentically recounted in the first person. The setting: Paris; the plot: how a magician escape-artist "pulled off" the most difficult trick of his life; the theme: that there are values and beliefs which are worth great risks and deserve the unswerving faith so often mislabeled "optimism."

### Picture Essay

"Lili," (p. 14 and cover)

Introducing the new M-G-M movie, *Lili*—a blend of charm, fantasy, and artistic excellence.

### Coronation News

"Britain Hails a Queen," (p. 16)

High school students, like most of us, have a lively interest in the forthcoming coronation of Elizabeth II. This interest can well be channeled into a broader curiosity about the history of English monarchy—and particularly the reigns of the great queens. Elizabeth I, Victoria, and Elizabeth II look out from these pages with their poet laureates by their sides.

### One-Act Play

"Footfalls," by Wilbur Daniel Steele (p. 23)

One of the "greats" in American short story-writing has now been adapted for TV. As presented in this issue, "Foot-

falls" is also suitable for assembly program production or class reading. Students may be interested in comparing the dramatized version with the original story—an excellent way of highlighting some of the techniques that distinguish the short story from dramatic forms.

### Student Writing

"Cavalcade Firsts" (p. 27)

The final "Cavalcade Firsts" of this school year. (The May issue of *Literary Cavalcade*, our annual Student Achievement issue, will feature winning entries in the 1953 Scholastic Writing Awards.) This month's selections promise to be of particular interest to young writers as both student-written stories concern familiar problems of "growing up."

Students may form their own "panel of judges" and, on the basis of the "Cavalcade Firsts" which have appeared during the past school year (beginning with October), select from the published student writing their own winners in the story, essay, and poetry classifications.

### From the Press

"Ezier Speling and/or Its Konsiquenzen" (p. 18)

Tongue-in-cheek comments on our changing language. Class compositions might be written in the form of rebuttals or postscripts to the arguments advanced.

### Book Excerpt

"Always the Young Strangers," by Carl Sandburg (p. 31)

*Literary Cavalcade* takes pleasure in presenting its readers with this excerpt from the distinguished new autobiography of Carl Sandburg—one of

America's most beloved and respected literary figures. In *Always the Young Strangers* Sandburg tells the story of his own growth to manhood—a story which is also a moving document that reflects the history of our country. And he tells it with the fervor and simplicity which we have come to expect of one of America's distinguished poets.

## Class Discussion Project

### Subject: The "Typical" Teen-Ager

Probably no age group receives so much attention today as that of the teen-ager. Advertisers make special appeals to the teen-age group; many entertainment celebrities derive their chief support from the teen-age audience; myriad books, magazines, and special departments in periodicals are directed toward the teen-age public. The "teens" also have their place in the sun on radio and TV.

The emphasis upon the "teen-age audience" has given rise to many clichés and broad generalizations about this group. Teen-agers themselves often accept these generalizations without weighing them against their own knowledge and experience.

The following project, beginning with a discussion of the teen-age story in this issue, and followed by suggested supplementary activities, can be an effective way of leading your teen-age students to a consideration of the "image of themselves" as it exists in the public domain.

### A. Discussion of "The White Sweater" (p. 5)

1. In what ways do you think that Roberta is a "typical" teen-ager? In what ways is she not "typical"? Explain your answer by specific reference to the story.

2. Is the situation presented in this story believable? Do you think that the events which take place in Roberta's life might easily happen in the life of anyone of Roberta's age?

3. Do you think that both Roberta and her parents act in a realistic, convincing manner? Or do you think that the mother's interest and concern, the father's bafflement, and Roberta's excitement are overdone? Explain your answer.

4. What "phase" of her development is Roberta going through? Do you think that this is a phase that both boys and girls go through during their teens?

5. What mistakes do writers frequently make in their portrayals of teen-agers that particularly irritate you?



From Rest Cartoons from Punch, published by Mimon and Reubner

"His blood ran cold as he saw the sinister round blue eyes and pink face of Johnny Jones staring over the fence."



Does this writer make any of these mistakes? Explain your answer.

### B. Is there a "teen-age myth"?

Present to the students the following problem: Is there a "myth" about teen-agers which is commonly accepted in America today? Have teen-agers become "labelled" in popular opinion in a way that is false—or, at best, only partially true?

The following activities can prepare the students to give specific answers to this problem.

#### 1. Press and Radio

List on the blackboard the following radio-TV programs (and any others similar to these which you know your students see or listen to):

Radio: *Meet Corliss Archer*, ABC; *Junior Miss*, CBS.

TV: *Date with Judy*, ABC; *Mama*, CBS; *Mr. Peepers*, NBC.

Radio-TV: *Aldrich Family*, NBC; *Ozzie and Harriet*, ABC; *Our Miss Brooks*, CBS.

Explain that in all these programs teen-agers either appear or are featured. Ask students whether they can think of any similar programs to add to the list.

Then invite students to list in another column on the board the names of any "teen-age" departments they can think of in the magazines and newspapers they read (i.e., "Teen Talk" newspaper columns, the "Sub-Deb" page in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, teen-page in *Good Housekeeping*, etc.).

In another column, list any books and magazines the students know of that are directed in their entirety to a teen-age audience (i.e., any *Scholastic Magazine*, *Seventeen*, *Twenty Grand* (TAB Club), any of the "advice" books, special anthologies for teen-agers, etc.).

Have available in class a copy of such a magazine in which advertisements are slanted toward the teen-ager—and have the students look over these ads, analyzing the picture of teen-agers which they reflect.

Once these sources have been outlined, present the following questions to the class: Do the materials and media we have listed presuppose that there is such a thing as a "typical" teen-ager? If so, what is their idea of the "typical" teen-ager's personality and interests? Is this an accurate—partly accurate—or false idea?

#### 2. True or False?

To help the students answer these questions, present the following list of statements about teen-agers. Have your students decide which of these statements they believe to be exaggerations, falsehoods, or clichés. Then ask them

to add to the list any similar statements about teen-agers which they would so classify.

1. Teen-agers are highly emotional and impetuous. They have little control over their feelings.

2. Teen-agers usually talk "teen-slang," using words like "dreamy," "George," "square," etc.

3. Teen-agers' major concerns are dates and popularity.

4. Teen-agers are seldom understood by—nor do they understand—their elders.

5. Teen-agers are comic characters.

6. Teen-agers worry about their personal appearance, and fuss over it a great deal.

7. Teen-agers go in for clothes fads and food fads.

8. Teen-agers want to "follow the leader"—be like everyone else.

9. Teen-agers' favorite recreations are listening to recordings of popular songs and rug-cutting.

10. Teen-agers are interested in their own immediate problems, rather than in the larger problems of politics, social welfare, religion, etc.

#### 3. Roundup

Once this list of statements has been evaluated and added to, return to a consideration of the books, stories, pe-

### Coming—Awards Issue

The annual Student Achievement issue of *Literary Cavalcade* appears next month. The May issue will be devoted exclusively to the winning entries in the 1953 Scholastic Awards. Names of all winners of the Senior Division of the 1953 Writing Awards will be published, together with outstanding stories, poems, and essays by top-ranking participants. (Winners in the Junior Division will be announced in the May 20 issue of *Junior Scholastic*.) The cover and illustrations will be selected from the drawings, paintings, photos, etc., which won places in the Scholastic Art and Photography Awards this year.

Because many English teachers use this special issue throughout the school year as an incentive to creative writing by their students—and because many teachers in other departments have a particular interest in this issue—we are making it possible for additional copies to be ordered singly or in bulk. The cost is 25¢ per copy.

Share this announcement with other teachers who may be interested, and enter your order for additional copies now, to ensure receiving the issue as soon as it is published!

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riodicals, radio and TV programs, etc., that have been listed on the board. Have students discuss how many of these media subscribe to what they have decided to be clichés, exaggerations, and falsehoods about the teen-ager. Ask them to decide which offended most in this regard.

Once the discussion has been concluded, appoint a committee to write up the consensus of the class as to whether there is, in the U. S. today, such a thing as a "teen-age myth." To the extent that the class believes that this "myth" exists, have them make recommendations as to ways in which writers, entertainers, and advertisers might better reach and interpret the American teen-ager.

### Youth Looks at Youth

The two "Cavalcade Firsts" stories that appear in this issue—"Dad's Son," by David Bender, and "Strength," by David Markowitz—present two pictures of youth. The first story, David Bender's, concerns itself with a common, if not universal problem of the teen-ager—the new and sometimes unflattering awareness of one's parents as individuals, rather than as "institutions." The second story deals with smaller children, and provides a penetrating glimpse into the complex and often cruel world of the very young.

The two stories can be discussed with students in light of the accuracy with which each of these student writers has painted his picture. Ask the students whether the themes and characters are true to their own experience. Invite them to consider the problem of whether a young writer, still close to the age group he describes, is better or less qualified to describe that age group accurately. What advantages does such a writer have that an older writer does not have? What disadvantages is he up against? How well did the writers in question use their advantages? How successfully did they overcome their disadvantages?

Suggest to the students that they—like the writers of these two stories—have undoubtedly had recent or childhood experiences which might lead to fictional treatment.

#### Cavalcade Answers (pp. 19-22)

*Focus on Reading, White Sweater:* 1-Jimmy Runkle; 2-Mrs. Syms; 3-Mr. Syms; 4-Peter; 5-Miss Harvey; 6-Roberta. *The Iron Box:* a-3; b-1; c-5; d-7; e-2; f-4; g-6. *Footfalls:* 1-Boaz; 2-Mr. Wood; 3-Manuel; 4-Boaz; 5-Manuel.

*Have Fun with Words.* I. 1-d; 2-h; 3-g; 4-f; 5-i; 6-a; 7-b; 8-j; 9-c; 10-e. II. 1-belligerents; 2-radical; 3-socialistic; 4-monopolist; 5-speculations; 6-philanthropist; 7-panaceas; 8-facsimile; 9-semantics; 10-caricature.



# LITERARY *Cavalcade*

TEACHER EDITION • MAY, 1953 • VOL. 5, NO. 8

IN TWO PARTS • PART I

Lesson Plans

Topics for Discussion

Activities

Vocabulary

Reading Lists

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## Teaching Suggestions for This Issue

### Annual Scholastic Awards Issue

Here it is—the annual Awards Issue of *Literary Cavalcade*! In these pages, Scholastic Magazines makes its yearly bow to the creative achievements of youth. The contents: outstanding selections from winning entries in the Art and Writing Divisions of the 1953 Scholastic Awards.

On page 4, former Award-winner Gladys Schmitt expresses the appreciation of a now successful writer for Scholastic Magazines' encouragement of young writers and artists. We are naturally proud to think that the recognition offered by our Awards programs has so often proved a spur to later achievement. On the other hand, we do not believe that personal recognition of outstanding talent is the only function of an issue of this kind.

We believe that in addition to honoring individual students, the Awards Issue of *Literary Cavalcade* has a unique value for all high school students and teachers. For it sets standards to be aimed at—and, perhaps, to be surpassed. It stimulates incentive, creates motivation. Creative achievement emerges from these pages as something which is not restricted to a vague "professional" class, but which also offers satisfaction and success to the novice.

### Point of Departure

The Awards Issue of *Literary Cavalcade* can play a vital role at the beginning of a class or club experience in original writing.\* Once students have seen for themselves what boys and girls of their own age have been able to achieve, they can much more quickly

\*If you wish additional copies of this issue for class use next fall, send your order to Scholastic Magazines, 33 W. 42 St., New York 36, N. Y. 25¢ a copy.

be encouraged to drop the negative, "I-just-can't-do-that-sort-of-thing" attitude which is often an initial block.

### Talking It Over

The first reading of this issue should be primarily for-pleasure—indirectly, to motivate students to attempt writing of their own. Then, through "follow-up" discussions, the attention of the class can be directed to more specific considerations such as the following:

1. *Evaluation of the issue.* What selections, in your opinion, were outstanding? Why? What form of writing (story, essay, poetry, etc.) did you most enjoy reading? Which form did you think the students themselves handled most successfully? What criticisms, if any, did you have of the contents of the issue?

2. *Subjects.* What general types of subject-matter did the student writers tend to select? (You will probably want to make some suggestions here: boy-girl relationships, personal experiences, purely imaginary material, opinion, teen-age problems, etc.) Which types of subject-matter did you think the young writers handled most successfully? (In most cases, the Awards judges preferred selections in which the writers were dealing with people, situations, and ideas which they knew from their own experience.) Did you find particular subjects—boy-girl, autobiographical, etc.—that you would be especially interested in writing about yourself?

### Each to His Own

After the "follow-up" discussion of the issue, ask students to think about an idea they would like to develop in writing. Point out that they need not yet be concerned with the *form* of writing, but simply with the idea.

To start them thinking, point out ways in which the student writers in this issue arrived at their topics. For example: Albert Kingston ("The American Trayboy," p. 13) wrote about a part-time job he'd had; perhaps you've had a part-time job you could write about. Candace Rogers ("Journey," p. 30) wrote a story that grew out of her own experience during a time when she was growing up "too fast"; have you any "growing-up" problem you might describe? Efrem Perlis ("Meat Cleaver," p. 31) based his short story on his curiosity about a butcher whose shop he passed every day; is there any person or place which you have for some reason always wondered about? David Bender ("Big Sis," p. 34) introduces the reader to his sister; would you like to describe some member of *your* family? Patsy Steiger ("The Cheat," p. 42) built a story around plagiarism; would plagiarism, cheating, bluffing, bribery, or some similar breach of ethics be a theme that would interest you?

Most students will "take it from there" and come forth with ideas they would like to write about. Others will need your further help: "You enjoy fooling around with cars, Joe—have you ever thought that a secondhand car has a real story to tell about the people who have owned it?"

When each student has arrived at an idea which commands his interest, it is time enough to consider what form of writing this idea lends itself to. A few students may try a poem or play; the majority will probably be attracted by the story or essay forms.

### Getting It Into Shape

Some of the writing will of necessity be done outside of class. But the value of "workshop periods" in class cannot be over-emphasized. The workshop period permits the teacher to observe



LODGE



STERLING



MERSAND



CORBIN



STROM

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### At Our Corner

ONCE a year in May, Scholastic Magazines entertain the members of their Editorial Advisory Boards for an important two-day conference. This year the conference will be held on May 23-24 at the new Scholastic offices, 33 West 42nd Street, New York City. We shall move to our new home only the week before, and the visit of our advisers will be our first housewarming.

At these annual meetings, the contents of all our magazines for the past year are evaluated, and editorial programs and problems for the coming year are thoroughly discussed. The entire editorial staff participates, and our editors and writers profit immensely by

the wisdom and experience of our advisers. Many policies adopted by our editors grow out of suggestions from our advisers and the stimulating discussions that they initiate.

Our six classroom magazines have a total of 29 members on their Editorial Advisory Boards: five each for *Practical English*, *Literary Cavalcade*, and *Junior Scholastic*; eight for *Senior Scholastic* and *World Week*, both for high school social studies; and six for *NewsTime*, our new publication for the middle elementary grades. The majority of our Board members are classroom teachers of English, Social Studies, or elementary grades. Others are subject supervisors in city school systems, curriculum authorities, or professors from university schools of education.

Approximately half the members retire each year, in order to maintain continuity from one year to the next and to provide a constant influx of fresh abilities and interests.

In June, after the meetings of the subject-matter advisory boards, the executives of Scholastic also meet with the members of the National Advisory Council. This group, composed of leading school administrators, city superintendents, and high school principals, considers general problems of publication policy from the standpoint of administration.

PRESIDENT AND PUBLISHER

working habits, help out "on the spot" with difficulties, and to encourage students who hit snags.

A good way of organizing the workshop period is to divide the class into small committees. The members of each committee should be writing the same type of thing—essay, story, poetry, etc. Members of committees should be encouraged to read and criticize each other's work. When criticisms are divergent, the committee chairman may "put the question on the table" for the whole class to consider. A piece of work should be considered complete when the members of the committee accept it

as being satisfactory. Each committee may read a selection aloud.

When every member of the class has completed his writing project, a "class editor" and an elected committee may assemble the material in a mimeographed "class book"—each student to receive a copy. This "book" can then be criticized by the class in later discussion periods.

The best efforts of the class may be submitted to the "Cavalcade Firsts" department of *Literary Cavalcade*. (Contributions to "Cavalcade Firsts" will be automatically eligible for the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards.)

#### Answers to Cavalcade Quiz (pp. 45, 46)

*Mapping a Story:* 1-x; 2-c; 3-d; 4-a; 5-x; 6-f; 7-x; 8-e; 9-x; 10-x.

*Essay Writing:* 1-b; 2-c; 3-d; 4-a.

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